VOL. CCXXVI, No. 2937
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JULY 14, 1956

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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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SAILORS crossing the Equator for the first time must be "sacrificed" to Neptune in the ceremony of Crossing The Line. Derived from the age-old pagan practice of propitiating the gods when entering the unknown, this ceremony differs in detail from ship to ship, but has certain common essentials.

At the appropriate time King Neptune and his Queen Amphitrite, together with their strange court of policemen, bears, judge, doctor and barber, "come aboard" and hold a trial of the neophyte sailors. Confronted with some dreadful "crime"—and no man, however senior, is ever innocent—the accused must plead guilty and accept punishment of the court. They are lathered and shaved, given a "pill" and tipped backwards into the bathing pool to be rinsed in a true naval ducking.

BARON TAKES TEA WITH MAJOR & MRS. GEORGE ASTLEY

This charming family group taken by eminent photographer Baron shows Major and Mrs. George Delaval Astley and their two children, Hugh, aged six and four-year-old Susan. They live at Hatchwood House in Hampshire, one of England's scheduled houses, which was originally an Elizabethan farm house to which was later added a superb Queen Anne façade. Major Astley is son of the Hon. Melton Astley, brother of the 21st Baron, and he is cousin of the present Lord Hastings.

MAJOR ASTLEY: See what you've let yourself in for, Baron. You asked for a family group—and it looks as if you've got one. Hugh's even brought the pony.

BARON: From what Hugh told me earlier, I gather that Tonic *is* regarded almost as part of the family.

MRS. ASTLEY: Yes, in this family we have hereditary horse-mania.

BARON: Didn't Lord Hastings win the Derby once?

MAJOR ASTLEY: Yes, my grandfather, that was. But the first recorded entry of horses into our family history is a good deal earlier even than that. In 1391 an ancestor of mine, the 3rd Earl of Pembroke came to a sticky end when he was tilting.

BARON: There now, Hugh. There's an Awful Warning. No tilting on Tonic.

HUGH: I don't expect he'd like it very much anyhow. But I think he would like a lump of sugar. Could he, Mummy?

MRS. ASTLEY: Of course darling. And how about you, Baron . . . another cup of tea?

BARON: Please. And I must compliment you on your blend. Excellent tea.

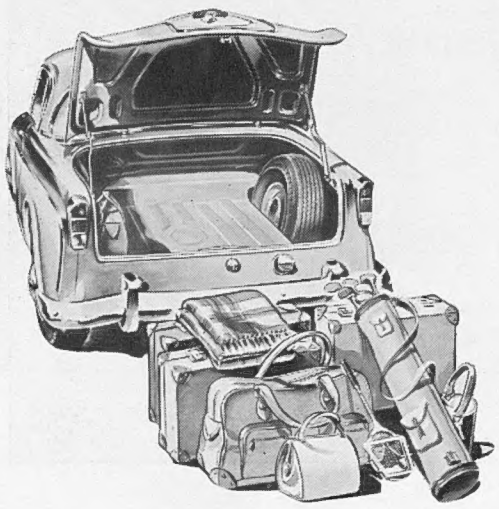
MRS. ASTLEY: Surely you recognise it? It's Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I thought it was rather a thing of yours?

BARON: Well I was *pretty* sure—but there was a chance it was a special blend of your own.

MRS. ASTLEY: Goodness no. We get it at the grocer here like everyone else. And it's always beautifully fresh we find . . . no, Hugh dear. Six lumps is QUITE enough for him now.

*

The car that has *everything!*



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Volume CCXXVI No. 2937

The SPHERE, London, July 14, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE TORBAY TO LISBON INTERNATIONAL RACE—TWENTY-TWO YACHTS SET SAIL FOR THE MOUTH OF THE TAGUS: Three of the sailing-craft, accompanied by photographers and race officials in launches, make their way out to sea after the start in Torbay. From left to right are the *Mercator* (Belgium), the *Flying Clipper* (Sweden), a 659-ton barquentine, at one time the *Sunbeam*, owned by Lord Runciman, and the *Georg Stage* (Denmark), a modern full-rigged ship of 298 tons.

The start of the 800-mile sailing race from Torbay to Lisbon presented a spectacle that has not been seen around the shores of this island for a long time, and possibly will not be seen again for many a year. Most of the tall ships got under way in a south-westerly wind of about force 4 that spread their canvas and sent them well out into the choppy sea before it blew itself out. After starting from scratch, the *Creole*, a staysail schooner of 697 tons lent by Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the shipowner, for the use of British naval cadets, crept past the Royal Navy's yawl *Marabu*, in the haze, to lead the fleet. A warm West Country mist covered the sea and added to the strange beauty of the ships as they disappeared into the swirling banks of fog, to reappear again as if the mythical *Flying Dutchman* were sailing the seas once more. The lack of a strong wind favoured the yachts and smaller vessels at the expense of the large square-riggers like the Portuguese *Sagres*, of 2,028 gross tons, which had to be coaxed along with barely enough breeze to fill their sails. Not long after the start the armada was lost to sight in thick sea fog. Further pictures on pages 46–47.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

AMERICAN DINNER IN LONDON

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS AT THE DORCHESTER: Nancy, Viscountess Astor, speaks with General Alfred M. Gruenther, the Supreme Commander Allied Powers, Europe, and Mrs. Winthrop W. Aldrich (centre), wife of the United States Ambassador in London, while attending a dinner and ball held in the Dorchester Hotel. The occasion was the annual Independence Day celebration organised by the American Society in London. Also among the guests were the Earl and Countess Mountbatten.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AT A RECEPTION

NIGERIAN RECEPTION AT THE SAVOY: The Right Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd speaks with Mr. Mbadiwe, the Nigerian Minister of Communications and Civil Aviation (on left), at a reception given in the Savoy. The Commissioner for Nigeria (in evening dress) is also in the group. The reception was given in honour of Mr. Mbadiwe and his wife, who were paying a visit to this country. Nigerian officials and their wives in London attended the reception.

THE LORD MAYOR'S EXHIBITION

AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS AT GUILDHALL: The Lord Mayor, Alderman Cuthbert Ackroyd, and the Lady Mayoress look at a view of Ludgate Hill (1792) after the opening of an exhibition of the work of William Marlow (1740-1813) in the Guildhall Art Gallery. This 1956 Summer Loan Exhibition is a sequel to that held in the art gallery last year of the works of the London painter Samuel Scott. Marlow was Scott's pupil and admirer and inherited from him his love of London and the English landscape.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Dilemma of Poznan.—There is no new thing under the sun; certainly that is true of efforts by the Polish people to break the chains of slavery and dependence. In their history they have had the bitterest experience of enslavement and suffered the bitterest consequences of revolt. Perhaps there is a touch of novelty in what seems to be a recent admission in Russia of inconsistency in a policy which backs and applauds all efforts by small nations to throw off the chains imposed by Western imperialism but had seen nothing but virtue in Communist fetters. Clearly, that inconsistency was acknowledged in the debunking of Stalinism and in the relaxation of some of Stalin's most tyrannical principles and practices. But since freedom is men's keenest aspiration, and nowhere more so than in Poland, which has known too little of it, those who give an inch must expect the demand for an ell. And now the Soviet Government will have to decide whether to go forward or to return. The Poznan riots were a desperate reaction to intolerable living conditions and one more deeply seated nationally than in a bunch of underground reactionaries. Poznan, an industrial area, strongly Catholic and nationalistic, has always been regarded as a danger-spot by the Communist overlords, and the Soviet Government must have foreseen that relaxations of control and more liberal policies conceded in Russia would quickly be claimed in the satellite countries and, first of all, in starving Poland. The eggs are not easy to unscramble. Stalinism restored after debunking would hardly recover its efficiency as a method of untroubled government of half a world. There has been among the Communist peoples and satellites clear recent evidence of a stirring towards greater freedom and justice for individuals and nations, and it has been met by slight concessions by the Governments in control. If the Kremlin decided to take a leaf out of the book of the Tsarist tyranny and revert to ruthless repression, it has the means. But in the long run the souls of men are stronger than force of arms.

"The Government is Firm."—We are assured by political wizards that our Government is firm to resist all political and industrial pressure to compel changes in its economic policies because of the difficulties in the motor industry. Many of us must commend that promised firmness unequivocally, feeling that it does not come too soon. We may be less unanimous about the area of resistance. We do not doubt that there have been faults on both sides (and with excuses) in the events which have brought matters to a head in the car industry. What we do not dispute is that one day there must be a show-down, on a national scale, whatever the temporary cost; that it is fatal to delay it longer, and that it will need courage and firmness of a high order at the top. What is the issue? When Beveridge was planning his Welfare State, this country of ours, despite serious setbacks and recessions, was still a wealthy country, with great resources. Not many prophets alive at the time could have forecast that in a few years' time, Britain might fall to a position of minor international importance and find itself hard put to it to keep its head economically just above water, let alone to have its shoulders dry. Yet, then as now, every schoolboy knew that to exist we had to pay our way by our industry and balance our imports of food and raw materials and the costs of our defence and civil services by selling our exports. That we have not done for years. The planners of a Welfare State in those days cannot have contemplated such a sudden change, cannot have foreseen that the ideal of a Welfare State would soon enough induce in a great mass of the citizens a fixed belief that the benefits of a Welfare State and full employment were theirs as permanent rights of citizenship, unrelated to whether their own industry could cover the whole cost of the experiment and whether work was available to keep them fully employed.

The Issue.—Did those planners conceive that the wizardry of their planning and execution could, in a few years, encourage in millions the fantastic belief that by the wave of a wand a British citizen could insi on work where he wanted it and, if that work ceas through failure to sell the goods produced, to recei pay for the job that was not done? More than th that the wizard's wand could so confound and upset t simple economic rule, which children soon learn, th you can't eat a cake that is not there? In other wor that if men are thrown out of jobs by the redundan caused by trade recession, the cake—the national cake will still be baked and will still go round? The Welfa State was indeed in part devised to save the workers fro the worst hardships of inevitable recessions and unemplo ment, and it is the clear duty of employers to inform th workers of likely redundancy at the earliest moment i order to assist the State's machinery for re-employme to work efficiently. It did not claim (and does not no to upset the elementary economic laws. That is the issu The Cabinet, we are told, intends to meet it with firmne To educate a mass of the "workers" out of this childi fallacy is necessary indeed, but it is a long-term proce Cabinet firmness is not enough. National firmness m be joined to it.

Cleft Stick.—Small wonder that Sir Wal Monckton wore a rueful countenance when he announc the raw deal for Britain which has come of long and bi discussion with the German Federal Government o Germany's contribution to the costs of our army statio there. What we have been grudgingly conceded, for e year certain only, £32,000,000, is proportionately l than the contribution conceded to France, whose tro

THE AMERICAN NAVY VISITS BRITAIN

THE UNITED STATES ADMIRAL AT PORTSMOUTH: Rear Admiral K. M. McManes, co manding the American Squadron, is welcomed on his arrival at Portsmouth Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. Ele American warships had just arrived for a week's visit. They consisted of 45,000-ton battleships *Iowa* and *New Jersey*, four destroyers and five mi sweepers. They made up the United States midshipmen's training squadron. Th were receptions for the visitors in Portsmouth and parties of the sailors made tr to London. In reply the Americans entertained children aboard their ships. the same time eight American destroyers were visiting Chatham and entert ment was arranged for their companies by several local authorities in Ke

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are mostly withdrawn. Our troops are all on the sp We asked restrainedly for £50,000,000, which would n cover the costs. Those surplus costs we shall have pay mostly in hard currency. Accordingly, the Ch cellor's defence-cuts melt like snow in May. We had bargaining counters. A threat to withdraw our tro beyond the number covered by the German contribut was patently empty—a bluff, if employed, instantly call Our obligations to N.A.T.O.—all the stronger because France's inevitable default—were, and still are, absol We do not know if negotiations with N.A.T.O. co ease them. We are then at the mercy of Germany, wit can feel no pressing anxiety to provide substitutes our troops and, accordingly, her promise to buy ar from Britain as some compensation for our "disappoi ment" is hollow as a drum. We leave them free capture our markets unhampered by military servi And so we must drive on with national service, gro on under the weight of defence taxation and presumab muzzle our cry to get out of Europe and conceal growing suspicion that anyway the paper strength N.A.T.O. forces is hardly a sure shield and safegua of our liberties, despite all the trouble and treasure th have gone to the making of it. What we may perha allow ourselves is a tag from Virgil, which many dipl matic defeats in the past decades, have evoked: "*Sic v non vobis, fertis aratra, boves.*" The British Lion gro used to the role of patient ox.

Government's Record.—The patient ox, then, takes up a new burden. Some of these burdens the present Government must accept responsibility for. Every country in civilisation finds the job of government a terribly difficult one to-day, and difficult jobs require strong men. As we know, a man may show his strength of character in more ways than one, and perhaps the supreme test is to forgo an advantage, or to forgive an injury. But a statesman represents not one man but millions, and what he concedes is not his to give. The present Government, at the time of writing, has perhaps better support in the printed word than in the spoken, and no doubt the printed word carries more authority derived from knowledge. The man in the street, the train and the bus looks in vain for a strong hand in Government and cries out against constant instances of appeasement, delay and surrender; vaguely, no doubt, and petulantly. How, I wonder, does Sir Anthony's Government—hard pressed and overworked—view the trend of by-elections ? One or two more may give clearer indications. If the Opposition in its promises and past performances offered the floating voters a hope of better things, of clearer thinking and more resolute handling, I should expect landslides towards Socialism. But who will show us any good ? So complex to-day are international and domestic problems, so closely related to problems not directly concerned, that the ordinary man cannot, as his father did, see them plainly and see them whole. For you and me, almost every decision made is seen through a glass darkly and perhaps the only excuse we can make for criticism is that of late a long series of such decisions and compromises seem to have dipped into our mangers and added burden on burden to our shoulders with no occasional relief or compensation. On that basis of criticism, the Government's record, in the view of the ordinary man, is rather dim. As a cynic remarked the other day: "After all, the Premier has a splendid record as a creator of hereditary titles." That is grossly unfair. It is also symptomatic of growing discontent with Tory lack of realism.

Mrs. Braddock—Burke.—Mrs. Braddock, who more than once has startled the House by gestures which perhaps disregard its dignities and even its rules, has been reading history, and the other day "took a leaf out of Burke." It was in December 1792 that Burke intervened in the debate on the Aliens Bill by producing a Birmingham dagger which he threw on the floor. "This (he said) is what you gain by an alliance with France," a remark which distressed Fox's dwindling followers. Mrs. Braddock said it with air-pistols which she shot off and laid beside the Government Despatch Box, thus breaking at least three rules of the House. Her gesture was designed to startle the House into realising the lethal type of weapon which Teddy-boy (and younger) gangs are still free to buy, and use. Some may sympathise with Mrs. Braddock in her belief that jolts are necessary to convince the Government that time is not always on its side, in matters of greater or less importance.

Bogus V.C.—I was sorry that the V.C. parade was made the occasion for a gate-crash and that the Queen was involved in a base impersonation by the miscreant. I have never felt the urge to impersonate another person in order to get into a party of any sort. Occasionally I have wished to find someone to impersonate me at a "duty" party. But, had I the urge to impersonate another, the last man I should choose would be a V.C. I haven't the face of a V.C. nor the coolness and the courage required for an act of reckless daring. I might pass muster as a M.P., or assume temporarily the air of a successful literary man. I might hoodwink a party, when the gin had circulated, that I was a more popular or famous journalist than I am, or even gate-crash a party of ex-county cricketers or retired Civil Servants. But I doubt if the trouble and risk of impersonation would be justified by the advantages gained. (Certainly I have more than once entered the Holy of Holies at Lord's when I had mislaid my pass.) No doubt the cinema sometimes influences weak minds to emulate the daring of Hollywood heroes, and the publicity on which film stars thrive might influence an imitator to boast of his deed of daring. But to have fooled and insulted 300 V.C.s—not to speak of the Queen—resulted inevitably in very short-lived glory. The public was not amused.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CARS TO CONQUER WORLD MARKETS

The Motoring Correspondent of THE SPHERE and CAVENDISH MORTON, the Artist, Produce Designs for Cars to Fight the Crisis in the Motoring Industry—with a Practical Appreciation and Criticism of their Ideas by SIR MILES THOMAS.

A COUNTRY HOUSE FOR THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION

A NEW TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT NEAR WINDSOR: New Lodge, on the edge of Windsor Forest, has been bought by the British Transport Commission. It will be used as a residential training establishment. The house, which has fifty rooms and is surrounded by some 54 acres of ground, was built about a century ago. Among those who visited it at the time was Queen Victoria. In recent years it has been a school and the British Transport Commission consider that its purchase for training purposes will be far more economical than the cost of building an establishment especially for training. New Lodge will replace the college at Watford, which has hitherto been able to meet the requirements in residential training of British Railways, British Road Services and the various other components of the British Transport Commission. In future Watford will be a centre for training in work study, which is part of the Commission's railways modernisation plan.

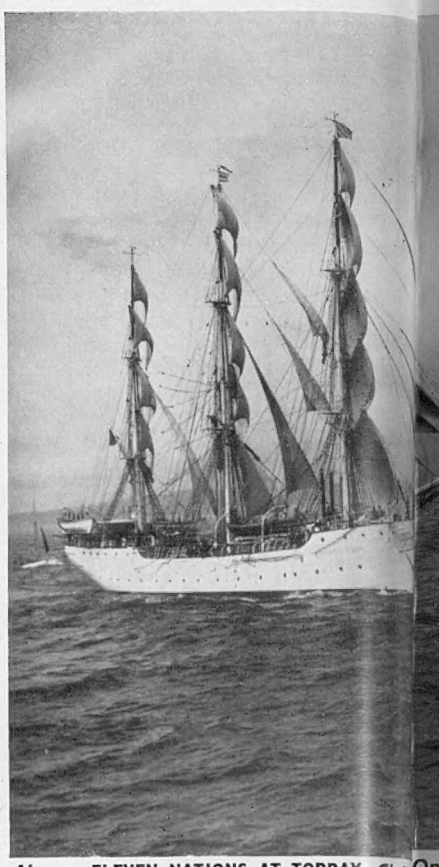
THE FORFEIT FEAST AT CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD

THE STEEL INDUSTRY AND ITS GUESTS MEET IN CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD: Representatives of the iron and steel industry gathered in the home of the Cutlers' Company for the annual Forfeit Feast. Most of the 240 present were Freemen of the Company and their wives. The guests included the Lord Mayor of London and his party, the Masters of the Worshipful Companies of Carpenters, Armourers and Braziers, and the Mayor of the Company of Merchants of the Staple of England. The Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire was founded in 1624. The Forfeit Feast, dating from 1814, was originally paid for out of the fines or forfeits paid by Freemen for non-attendance at meetings called by the Master Cutler. This sum now totals between £6 and £10 a year.

On left—

THE GUESTS ARRIVE: The Master Cutler, Mr. R. P. Phillips (on left), receives the Hon. Mr. Justice Sachs, a Judge of the High Court, and Mrs. Sachs.

THE START IN TORBAY: Three of the competing vessels in the over-100-ton class start to get under way after the maroon has sounded. From left to right are the Belgian barquentine *Mercator* (770 tons), the Swedish barquentine *Flying Clipper* (658 tons), and the Norwegian *Sorlandet* (577 tons), a three-masted full-rigged ship. All three sailing craft carry a complement of cadets, or apprentices. The International Race is primarily for sail training ships, and cadets from many nations are among the crews.

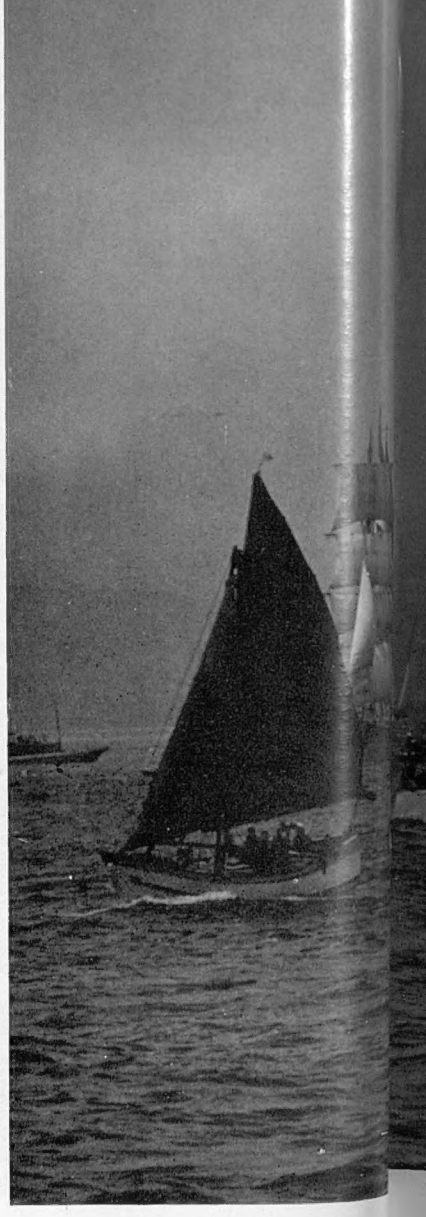


Above—ELEVEN NATIONS AT TORBAY: *Chris*
Radich, Norway (left), and *L*
Francesca, Britain, move up to the st

THE TORBAY TO LISBON SAILING RACE

Eleven Nations Compete in the 800-Mile Race to the Mouth of the Tagus

Above—CROSSING THE START LINE: The 298-ton Danish full-rigged sailing vessel, *Georg Stage* (left), leads the three-masted barquentine *Mercator* of Belgium (right) over the start line in Torbay. Behind is Sweden's *Flying Clipper*.



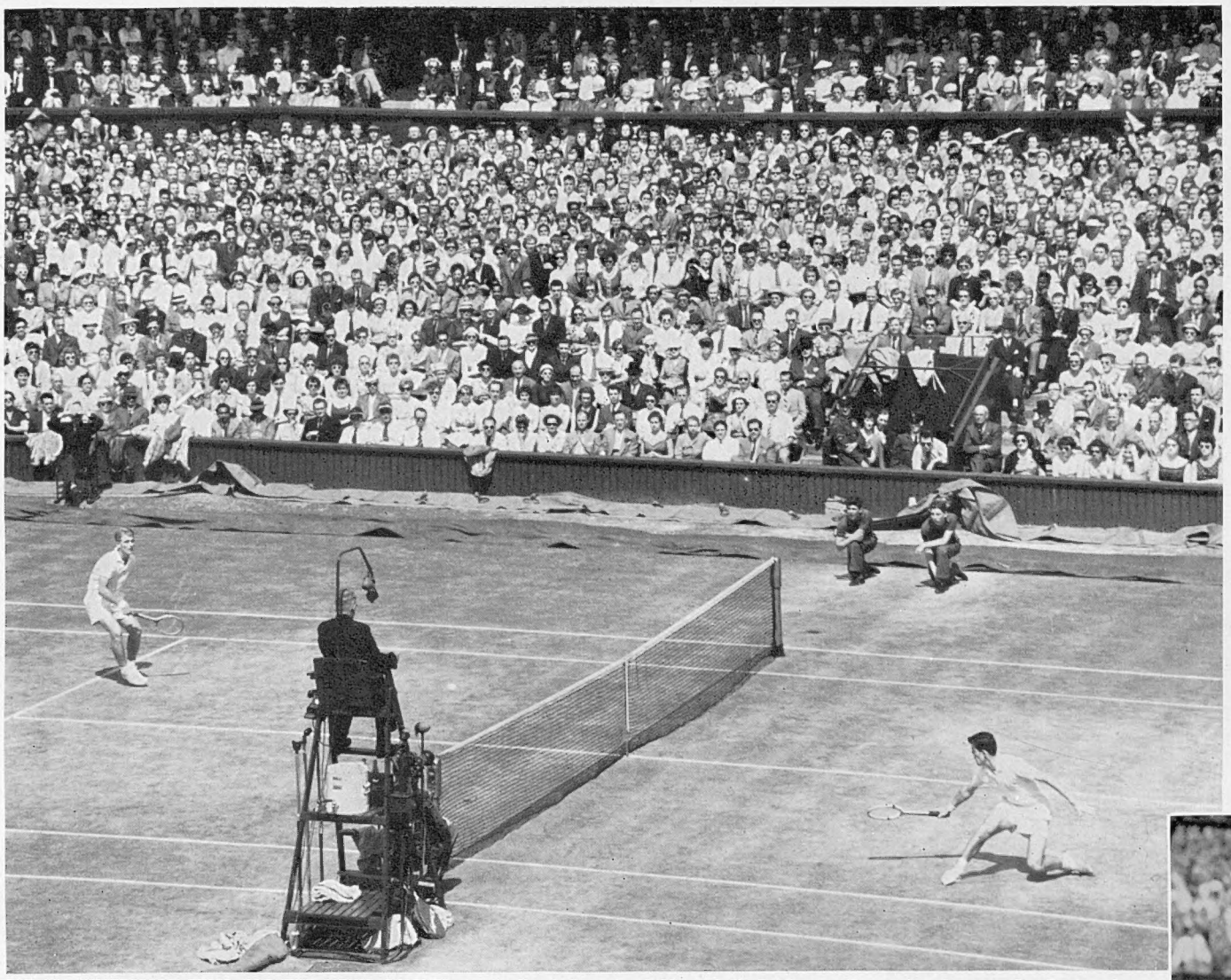
On right—THE "CREOLE" HEADS OUT TO SEA: The staysail schooner *Creole* (right) makes sail as she heads out of the bay at the start of the race. Behind from right to left are, the *Sorlandet*, the *Flying Clipper*, and the barquentine *Mercator*.

On right—**THE "CREOLE" SAILS FOR THE TAGUS: Mr. Stavros Niarchos' staysail schooner *Creole* (697 tons) sails with a full spread of canvas through a bank of thin mist.**

FINALS AT WIMBLEDON

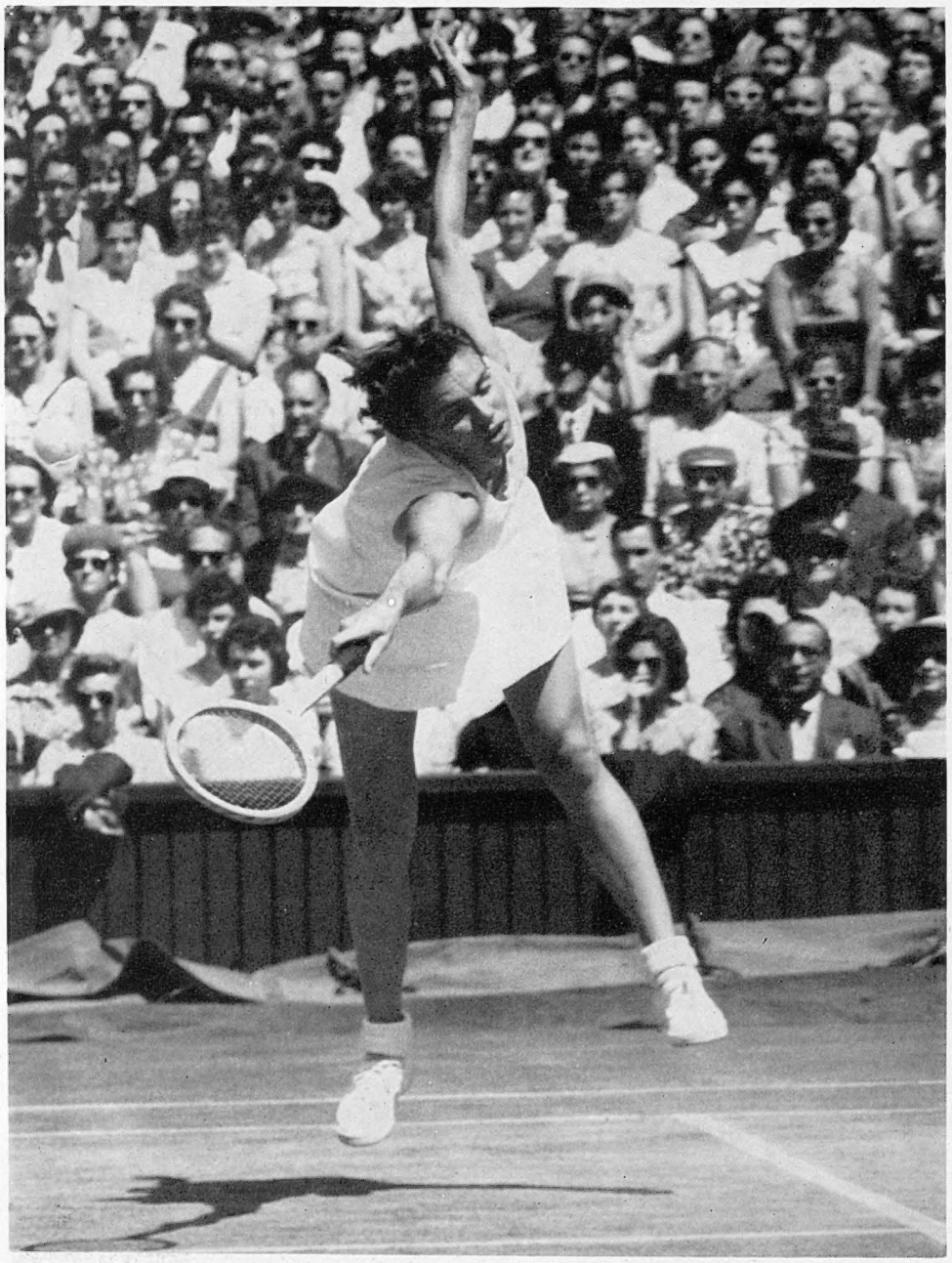
Australian and United States Players have the Major Share of Prizes

In the All-England Championship at Wimbledon this year, the final of the Men's Singles was an Australian affair between L. A. Hoad and K. R. Rosewall. In a splendid match, Hoad was the victor. On the following day in the Men's Doubles Rosewall gained a thoroughly well-deserved "consolation" prize in partnering his previous opponent to victory over the Italian pair N. Pietrangeli and O. Sirola. Hoad, partnered by R. N. Hartwig, was holder of the title from 1955. He and Rosewall had previously won it in 1953. The Mixed Doubles Final was exclusively American, V. Seixas and Miss Shirley Fry, the new Women's Champion, overcoming G. Mulloy and Miss Althea Gibson. Miss Angela Buxton, of Britain, was in the final of both Women's trophies. In the Singles final it was too much to hope that she would out-match the more experienced Miss Fry. However, Miss Buxton, partnering the American Miss Gibson, won the Doubles.



THE ALL-AUSTRALIAN FINAL FOR THE MEN'S SINGLES: L. A. Hoad (on the left) and K. R. Rosewall are in play on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Hoad emerged as the winner by 6—2, 4—6, 7—5, 6—4. Many spectators regarded it as the best final since the war. *On right*—The new champion holds the cup presented him by the Duchess of Kent, President of the All-England Club.

In the first set Hoad was in devastating form, going from 2-all to win. However, Rosewall proceeded to counter him with brilliant skill, taking the second set and going to 5—4 in the third before Hoad mastered him and won the next three games. But again Rosewall came back and was leading 4—1 in the fourth set. Then Hoad applied strokes of such variety that his opponent was powerless to stop the relentless attack. The new holder of the Singles is also the Champion of Australia and France.



AN EASY WINNER IN THE WOMEN'S SINGLES: *Left*—Miss Shirley Fry, of the United States of America, makes an acrobatic shot as she disposes of her British opponent, Miss Angela Buxton, in two sets by 6—3, 6—1. *Right*—The new title-holder walks off the court with Miss Buxton, who was the first English woman to appear in a women's final at Wimbledon since Miss Kay Stammers was beaten by Miss Alice Marble in 1938. In the semi-finals Miss Fry had defeated the reigning champion, Miss Brough

HALF A CHAMPIONSHIP FOR BRITAIN: In the final of the Women's Doubles, Miss Angela Buxton, of Great Britain, smashes a return, watched by her American partner, Miss Althea Gibson. This pair won the title from Australia's Miss F. Muller and Miss D. G. Seeney. In the first set the winners conceded only one game, but in the second they were taken to 8—6. Thus Britain retained half a title this year, for the previous holders of the Women's Doubles had been Miss Angela Mortimer and Miss J. A. Shilcock.

On left—

FORMER RIVALS IN A VICTORIOUS PARTNERSHIP: The Australians Ken Rosewall and Lew Hoad (on the far side of the net), opponents in the Men's Singles, face N. Pietrangeli and O. Sirola, of Italy, in the final of the Men's Doubles. After the first set the Italians were no match for their opponents, and Hoad and Rosewall ran out comfortable victors by 7—5, 6—2, 6—1. The Australian pair had previously won the Doubles in 1953. In the Mixed Doubles the new Women's Champion, Miss Fry, partnered by her fellow countryman, V. Seixas, defeated G. Mulloy and Miss Althea Gibson, also from America.

THE QUEEN IN EDINBURGH

During the Royal Visit to Scotland Her Majesty Presents a New Guidon to the Royal Scots Greys; Attends a Regimental Ball, and Gives a Garden Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse

THE QUEEN HONOURS THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS IN EDINBURGH: *Left*—Her Majesty inspects the parade in the grounds of the Palace of Holyroodhouse before presenting the regiment with a new guidon, a red double-tailed banner trimmed with gold. Accompanying the Queen are the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel M. G. Borwick, and the Colonel of the Regiment, Brigadier G. H. N. Todd. *Right*—Brigadier Todd accompanies the Queen into the City's Assembly Rooms for the Regimental Ball.

THOUSANDS OF GUESTS ATTEND THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLYROODHOUSE: A general view of the scene from the roof of the Palace as the Queen moves among her guests. On duty are the Gentlemen of the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers, wearing their green uniforms. Stretching away in the distance beyond the parked cars are the slopes of Arthur's Seat. Further pictures of the Royal visit to Scotland are on pages 68-69.

R.A.F. JAVELINS

Britain's First All-Weather Fighter Undergoes Intensive Operational Trials with a Squadron

A JAVELIN ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER TAKES-OFF: The aircraft climbs rapidly from Odiham, in Hampshire, where the first squadron of Javelins is in service. Britain's first all-weather fighter is believed to be the only delta-wing aircraft in service anywhere.

The first British fighter in the all-weather category is now in service. The Javelin 1's which equip No. 46 Squadron at Odiham, Hants, are believed to be the first delta-wing aircraft to enter regular service with any air force. The Squadron is carrying out an intensive flight-testing programme to pave the way for many other units which later this year will give up their Meteor night fighters for improved versions of the Javelin. In Meteor night fighters only the navigator can see the target on his airborne radar screen, but in the Javelin both pilot and navigator are able to do this. Also the four Aden 30-mm. cannon of the Javelin can be fired "blind" when the target is invisible to the human eye. The Javelin is designed for fighting at 50,000 ft. at over 600 m.p.h.

POWER AND MANŒUVRABILITY: From behind, the Javelin shows its two jet outlets in the rear fuselage and the high "flying tail" with its movable elevators. In later versions the entire tailplane moves.

IN READINESS: A cloud of black smoke from the cartridge starter brings to life the Sapphire engines of a Javelin of No. 46 Squadron, R.A.F. The Javelin is the largest and most powerful fighter ever brought into service with the Royal Air Force.

SPECIALISED EQUIPMENT: Ground crew climb a specially-designed ladder to strap the pilot and navigator into the Javelin. Exhaustive tests are being carried out on all equipment.

JAVELINS IN CLOSE FORMATION: Aircraft of No. 46 Squadron are in the air above Odiham. Intensive flight trials are being made with the Javelins. They are being flown at about three times the intensity which is normal during squadron training. This pace will be maintained until an aggregate of 1,000 hours has been reached.

THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT

Centenary of the Royal Clyde Y.C.; the Duke of Edinburgh Races on Rothesay Bay

YACHTS OF MANY CLASSES GATHER ON THE CLYDE: Some of the large entry in the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's International Fortnight are awaiting the start of the Centenary Regatta in Rothesay Bay on the first day. This year marks the Club's 100th birthday. The first race of the Edinburgh Cup series for Dragon class yachts was won by an Italian boat, *Aretusa II*, which was sailed by the Marchese Pallavicino. The Duke of Edinburgh's Dragon class yacht *Bluebottle* finished second. The five Edinburgh Cup races were treated as British Olympic trials. There were 45 entries.

TWO ROYAL VESSELS: The Royal Yacht *Britannia* overshadows the tiny Dragon *Bluebottle* as they lie side by side in the Clyde before a race on the opening day of the International Fortnight. The Duke of Edinburgh puts on his coat in the stern of *Bluebottle*. Speaking to an officer half-way down the gangway is Mr. Uffa Fox, who later crewed with the Duke.

On left—

DRAGONS ON ROTHESAY BAY: On the left nearest the camera is K192, the Duke of Edinburgh's Dragon class yacht *Bluebottle*. The boats are taking part in a race on the opening day of the International Fortnight. *Bluebottle*, sailed by the Duke, took fourth place, contending with thirty-eight other Dragons. Forty-five yachts of this class were entered in the Edinburgh Cup races in the first week of the Fortnight. They were also engaged in the Dragon Gold Cup.

On right—

THE TOWN AND BAY OF ROTHESAY: This picture gives a fine impression of the Clyde on the opening day. In the foreground is the town of Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute, dominated by its castle. The three big vessels at anchor are (from left to right) H.M. Frigate *Termagant*, the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, and H.M. Submarine Rescue Ship *Kingfisher*. In the background is the mainland of Argyllshire.

PARIS AND THE ARTS

Two of the Cultural Events of the Month have been the Arrival of the Stanislavsky Ballet and the Exhibition of Sculpture in the Rodin Museum

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY is not only the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille but the climax of the social season in Paris. Everything moves in glittering haste towards this fatal date; everything after it seems to move in slow motion, if it moves at all, until the middle or end of September. After the traditional review of the troops by the President of the Republic, and two or three nights of dancing in the streets and squares of Paris to the music of orchestras generously paid by the municipality and as generously supplied with refreshment by the owners of adjoining cafés, the capital goes into its annual midsummer trance.

It becomes suddenly less crowded, less noisy and incredibly more French. The reason is that the wealthy foreigners who own the largest cars on the boulevards, occupy the best seats in the theatres and restaurants, and decorate the grand stand and the *pesage* at Longchamp and Auteuil, have moved on to Deauville and Biarritz. Paris is left to the concierges, the cats, the humbler tourists, the painters and anglers who haunt the quaysides of the Seine, and to poets like the late Léon Paul Fargue, who loved to roam about the city at all hours of the night, talking literature, wine, folklore, and the days when Paris *was* Paris.

This city gave a rapturous welcome to the Russian Ballet when it was first introduced into Western Europe by Serge Diaghilev, with music by Stravinsky and decors by Léon Bakst and Pablo Picasso. And the famous Stanislavsky Art Theatre of Moscow created a sensation here in the early '20's when I saw the veteran Stanislavsky himself in a series of Chekov plays at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. But the ballets of the Stanislavsky Theatre, recently presented at the Châtelet (which witnessed the Diaghilev masterpieces more than forty years ago), have received less critical approval, although public enthusiasm has not perceptibly waned in the interval.

The critics reproach the organisers of the Soviet ballets with having ignored the revolution in the art of the ballet created by Diaghilev. They do not realise that the classical ballet against which Diaghilev rebelled is now outmoded. Technique and æsthetic values have changed during the past half-century, and the ballet is no longer confined to the romantic subjects and interpretations which interested the choreographers of 1900. Above all, theatre decoration has changed. In the eyes of the majority of the French critics (the Communist newspapers excepted) the decors of the Stanislavsky ballets are outrageously *démodés*. The dancers, with the exception of two new stars, E. Vlassova and S. Vinogradova, are reproached with following a technique half a century old. The scenery of the immortal *Swan Lake* of Tchaikovsky, it is complained, belongs to the clumsy notions of the nineteenth century, and the backgrounds of the ballet *Esmeralda* and of the *Merry Wives* are equally outworn.

In spite of these strictures the critics express their admiration for the discipline of the Soviet dancers, their enthusiasm and musicality. However, the only modern touch in the ballets was hardly in keeping with the peace propaganda of Comrades Bulganin and Khrushchev. It was of military inspiration and showed a company of machine-gunners in uniform, while other dancers mimed the throwing of hand-grenades. A tank ambled on the stage, but this revolutionary touch went no farther. The technique, as a whole, astonished the critics by its obstinate refusal to accept the innovations of Diaghilev, and one writer even declared that the spirit of the Russian ballet is no longer in Moscow but in the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London and in the Paris Opera.

I spent an agreeable afternoon in the spacious gardens of the Rodin Museum (formerly the handsome town mansion of the historic Biron family), in the rue de Varenne. Rodin's majestic bronze Gate of Hell dominates one wall of the garden, and all around, between rosebeds and lawns and in the shade of ancient trees, are scattered the exhibits of the International Exhibition of Contemporary Sculpture. Madame C. Goldscheider, the organiser of the exhibition, has wisely taken up an idea of Henry Moore that sculpture looks at its best in the open air and in natural surroundings.

This exhibition expresses all styles and forms of modern sculpture, classic, figurative and abstract. It is amusing to notice that the artists of the nations behind the Iron Curtain cling to the classical themes, while those of the Western democracies, particularly the British and the American, favour the abstract. But even the most mechanistic of modern sculpture looks attractive against a background of old trees and freshly-mown, verdant grass. The American artist Alexander Calder, famous for his creations in wire, shows a high-flying arrangement of brightly-painted metallic panels, shaped like flying saucers, which flutter gaily in the wind and do not seem out of place in the middle of a garden which often sees helicopters flying over from the adjoining Esplanade des Invalides. What Rodin would have thought of it, however, is anybody's guess.

One of the most interesting exhibits actually looks like the framework of a helicopter. It is the Italian Berto Lardera's geometrical complex of large copper panels, hollow in the middle and designed to make the most use of space. Another of the modern exhibits is the design for a monument to the Unknown Political Prisoner, submitted by the French sculptor Louis Leygue to a London competition several years ago. This seemed to me far more striking and original than the design which won the first prize and provoked so much indignant criticism. The figure of the prisoner is not represented in stone or metal, or in any material whatever. It is a figure of air, a phantom struggling to escape from the walls of his prison, created by cutting out the form of a body from two thick, inclined slabs of stone. When the light shines through this open space, as through a stained-glass window, the effect is startling.

Henry Moore steals the show in the Rodin Museum's garden with his two seated figures (King and Queen), never seen in Paris before, although familiar in England. They are placed on the terrace of the museum overlooking the garden, where even Picasso's huge bronze "Bouquet"—two massive flowers in a vase—takes a back seat in the face of Moore's Egyptian-Etruscan magnificence. The winner of the sculpture prize at the Venice Biennial, Lynn Chadwick, is represented by a curious flying figure—part insect, part bird, part man—a modern Icarus in cement, brilliant, uncanny and disarming.

One of the best books of the month in Paris is Maurice Goudeket's admiring and delicate tribute to his celebrated wife, *Près de Colette* (Flammarion, Paris). When Colette died, at the age of eighty, France lost her greatest woman writer since George Sand, and one of her most original stylists. Maurice Goudeket was fifteen years younger than Colette, and when the Germans occupied Paris he was arrested and interned in the concentration camp at Compiègne, as the first stage of his deportation to Germany. Colette knocked at every available door to obtain her husband's liberation, but to no avail. One day a well-known Frenchman, who had himself been liberated from Compiègne on his agreement to collaborate with the Germans, came to her and offered his help.

"It is all arranged," he told her. "Maurice will not be sent to Germany. He will be given easy work in the camp and will be well fed."

Colette looked hopefully at her visitor. "Of course," he said, "he will be required to do something in return—an occasional little report on the other prisoners."

"No," said Colette, firmly.

"If you don't accept, it means he will be deported . . . it means he will die."

"In those conditions I prefer his death," said Colette.

The visitor rose to go. "You are very generous in disposing of another person's life," he said bitterly.

"Then *we* prefer death," said Colette. The visitor went.

AN EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE IN THE RUE DE VARENNE: ***On left*****—An exhibit by the British artist Lynn Chadwick which won the sculpture prize at the Venice Biennial.** ***Centre*****—The well-known piece by Rodin, "Le Penseur," which belongs to the city of Paris.** ***On right*****—"Bouquet," by Picasso, which is a huge bronze representing two massive flowers in a vase. The exhibition is staged in the open air among the delightful lawns and gardens of the old town house of the Biron family, in the rue de Varenne, now the Rodin Museum.**

SCULPTURE IN THE OPEN AIR: ***On left*****—Alexander Calder, the American artist, shows this suspended arrangement of brightly painted panels in the exhibition at the Rodin Museum.** ***On right*****—This is one of the pieces exhibited by Henry Moore. It is one of his beliefs that all sculpture looks better in the open air, amidst natural surroundings, a belief which Madame Goldscheider the organiser of this exhibition has followed admirably.**

THE TWO PRIME MINISTERS IN THE GUILDHALL: The Rt. Hon. Sidney George Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand, makes his reply to the Lord Mayor's speech. At the head of the table Pandit Nehru sits beside Alderman Cuthbert Ackroyd, the Lord Mayor of London. During the Guildhall ceremony both the Prime Ministers signed the Roll of Fame and were presented with the Scrolls of Freedom in ornamental caskets. Later there was a luncheon in the Mansion House.

TWO PREMIERS HONOURED

The Prime Ministers of India and New Zealand Receive the Freedom of the City of London

Two of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London for the Conference became Freemen of the City of London last week in the customary Guildhall ceremony. Mr. Nehru, of India, and Mr. Holland, of New Zealand, both referred in their speeches to the invisible bonds of the Commonwealth and to the example it offered to the world of a community of nations living together. Mr. Nehru said that he would like "to see a world develop in which all nations would be associated in some such way."

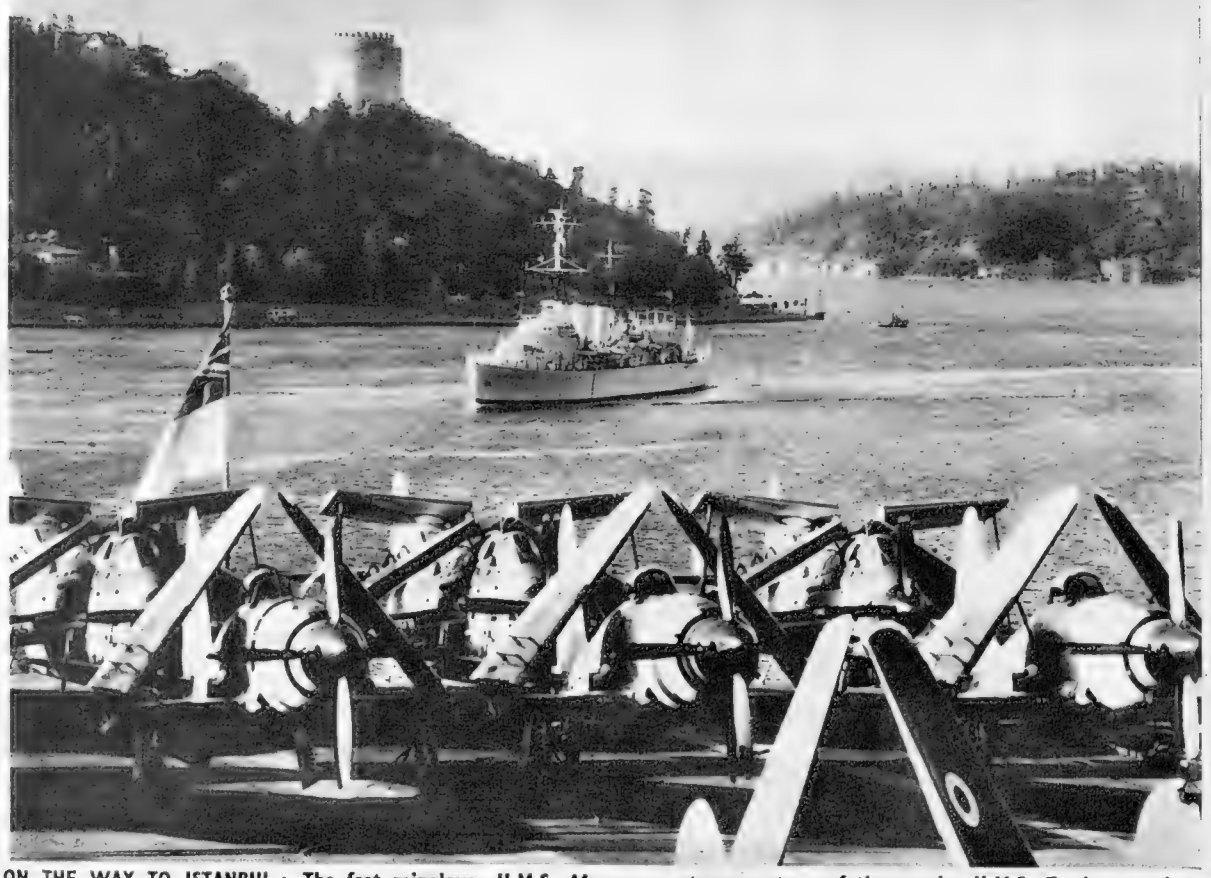
THE TWO NEW FREEMEN: Mr. Nehru and Mr. Holland walk towards the Guildhall after inspecting the guard of honour mounted by 290th Field Regiment, R.A. (City of London) T.A.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE SCROLLS: Mr. Holland holds the ornamental casket containing his Scroll of Freedom as the Lord Mayor prepares to present Mr. Nehru with a similar one. In the speeches which followed Mr. Nehru said that he had become part of London during the impressionable years of his boyhood.

THE NAVY IN THE BOSPHORUS: H.M.S. *Birmingham* passes down the Bosphorus on completion of her visit to Istanbul with other units of the Mediterranean Fleet. A flying display was given by the air group from H.M.S. *Eagle* in the Ægean Sea.

On right—
ON BOARD H.M.S. "EAGLE": The President of the Lebanese Republic (centre foreground) stands beside Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, C.-in-C., Mediterranean Fleet, on the bridge of H.M.S. *Eagle*.

Units of the Mediterranean Fleet under the command of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, have recently paid visits to Istanbul and to Beirut as part of the First Summer Cruise. During the Turkish visit a flying display was given by the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* in the Ægean Sea. The distinguished guests who witnessed the display included Mr. Semi Ergin, the Minister of Defence, the Chiefs of Staff and senior officers of the Turkish armed forces and the British Ambassador, Sir James Bowker. Admiral Sir Guy Grantham transferred from his flagship, H.M.S. *Birmingham*, to watch the demonstration, which included firing at towed targets and smoke-floats and an exhibition of dive-bombing and rocket-firing by the carrier's air group. On the official visit to the Lebanese Republic a similar display was given, which was seen by the President, H.E. Camille Chamoun, and several Lebanese Ministers. H.M. Ambassador to the Lebanon, Mr. George Middleton, was also present. The party was embarked at Beirut and taken some distance off the coast for the display to take place. When the President stepped aboard, the Lebanese flag was broken at the forepeak in H.M.S. *Eagle*. Accompanying the carrier during both visits was the flagship, H.M.S. *Birmingham*.



ON THE WAY TO ISTANBUL: The fast minelayer H.M.S. *Manxman* steams astern of the carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* as units of the Mediterranean Fleet make their way down the Bosphorus north of Istanbul. During the Turkish visit the aircraft-carrier was also accompanied by H.M.S. *Birmingham*, H.M.S. *Surprise*, H.M.S. *Duchess* and H.M.S. *Chevron*.

H.M.S. "SURPRISE" OFF ISTANBUL: The dispatch vessel Istanbul. In the background is the Dolmabanc Palace exhibition of dive-bombing and rocket-firing. The aircraft

THE VISIT TO LEBANON: H.M.S. *Eagle* dwarfs the cruiser H.M.S. *Birmingham* and the dispatch vessel H.M.S. *Surprise* as she lies alongside the jetty at Beirut. The aircraft-carrier later sailed from the port, with the Lebanese President, H.E. Camille Chamoun, on board, to give a flying display off the coast. The British Ambassador to the Lebanon, Mr. George Middleton, was also among the Navy's guests, who included several other Lebanese Ministers besides the President. The flying display was given in perfect Mediterranean weather by Seahawk aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm.

THE FLEET AT ISTANBUL AND BEIRUT

Units from the Mediterranean Fleet Visit Turkey and Lebanon as Part of the First Summer Cruise

H.M.S. *Surprise* lies at anchor in the Bosphorus during the Fleet visit to Turkey. The flying display held in the Ægean for Turkish defence chiefs included an aerial salute taking part came from four different squadrons of the Fleet Air Arm.

H.M.S. "EAGLE" AT BEIRUT: The two lifts on the flight-deck of the aircraft-carrier can clearly be seen in the picture. At disposal points on the deck can be seen a Wyvern and several Seahawks. Lying alongside is H.M.S. *Birmingham*, Admiral Sir Guy Grantham's flagship, and H.M.S. *Surprise*.

A NEW MOBILE SILENCER FOR JET AIRCRAFT: A Vickers Valiant four-jet bomber runs its engines at full power, but the two mobile silencers behind the engines deaden the noise. Staff in the buildings on the airfield perimeter cannot hear them. Each silencer absorbs most of the noise from one pair of engines. The device consists of a twin bell-mouth entry section, which opens out into a long cone leading to a large "splitter-box." This contains parallel plates filled with sound-absorbent material. A hydraulic braking system on each silencer withstands the thrust of the aircraft's engines. *On right*—A side view of one silencer. Tests are being made at Vickers-Armstrong's airfield at Brooklands, near Weybridge, Surrey.

STOPPING JET NOISE

A Mobile Silencer on Test; and a Sound-Absorbing Enclosure

SILENCING A GLOSTER JAVELIN: The outlets of a jet fighter are applied to a Detuner, which absorbs most of the noise. *On left*—This silencing compound helps to muffle the din of the aircraft's jets. The 16-ft.-high walls of the enclosure, built by the Gloster Aircraft Company at Hucclecote, are lined with sound-absorbing material. The 77-ft.-long Detuner can just be seen beyond the rear wall. A conversation can be carried on in normal tones a few feet away. The cost of the compound was £25,000. Another is being built to suit other aircraft.

A GLACIER MAPPED BY THE MERSEYSIDE EXPEDITION OF 1955: Above the ice and snow of Tolam Bau rise peaks varying in height from 19,000 ft. to 22,000 ft. They are 30 miles west of Everest in the Gaurisankar area which was mapped by the expedition from Merseyside last year. The party from Liverpool can be regarded as one of the most successful and typical of the numerous small expeditions which are nowadays opening up the lesser Himalayan ranges.

THE HEIGHTS OF MASHERBUM WHICH HAVE STILL TO BE SCALED: The artist has drawn his impression of the massif of this 25,660-ft. mountain in Kashmir, as it was seen by the New Zealand Expedition of 1955. Its climbers were some 2,000 ft. from the summit when they were defeated by avalanches and other harsh weather conditions.

ON LESSER HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS—II.

The Giants Fall, but Lesser Peaks Remain to be Climbed. The Second of Two Articles

By HUGH MERRICK

Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

IN the previous article it was shown that only eight of the seventeen giants rising above 26,000 ft. (roughly 8,000 metres in Continental notation) remain to be climbed. In due course they will all, no doubt, be ascended by large, heavily-equipped parties with the support of coolie transport and the essential strong Sherpa or Hunza contingent of trained high-altitude porter-mountaineers. Mountains of such size and height can rarely be defeated except by a well-organised siege-train, supported by tons of equipment and provisions, prepared to fight its way up those immense ice-falls, glaciated slopes and final ridges over a period of weeks from the setting up of a base camp.

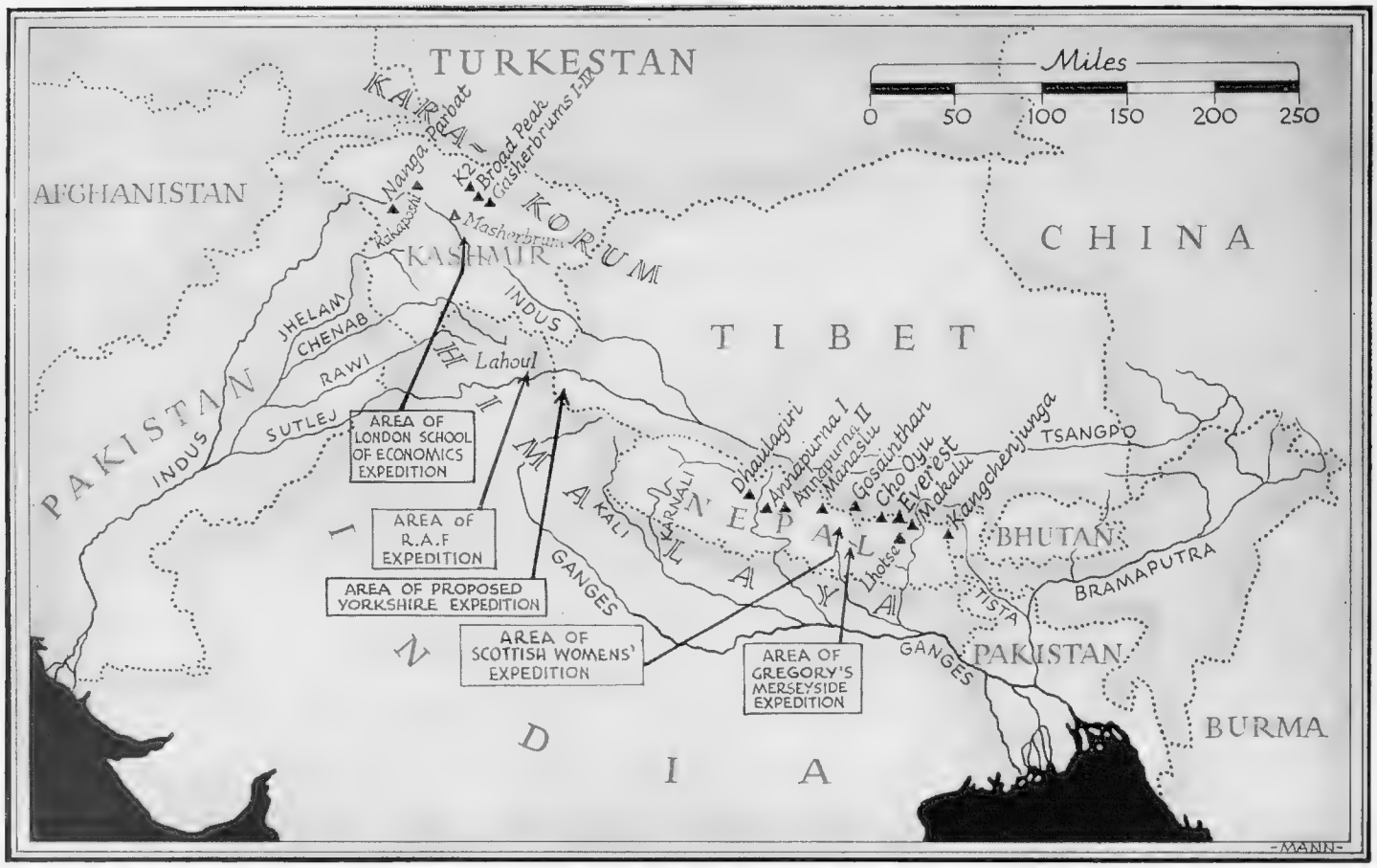
After this notorious *élite* of "Eight-Thousanders," whose names have recently become famous all the world over, comes a vast category of huge mountains between the 23,000- and 26,000-ft. levels. A few of them have been climbed, and many attempted, but the great majority are untouched by the foot of man. These peaks are scattered the 1,500-mile length of the Himalayan chain and the Karakorum-Hindu Kush-Kun Lun ranges to its north-west.

Among these Chomo Lönzo (25,640 ft.) was taken in their stride last year by the French *en route* to Makalu, from the 27,790-ft. summit of which no fewer than three successive parties of three were destined to look down.

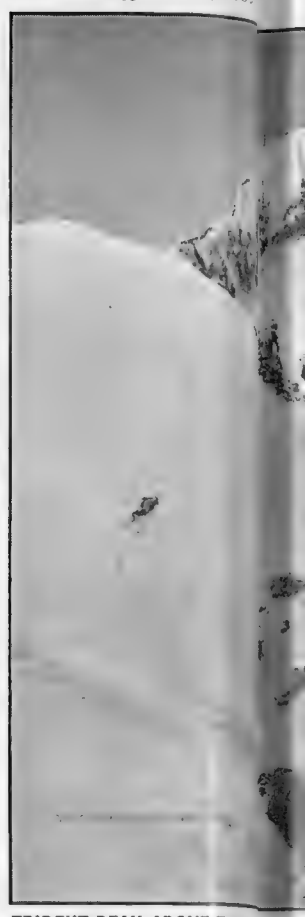
This year Lambert, of Swiss Everest fame in 1952, and Madame Claude Kogan, the world's height-record holder among women, who had achieved 25,400 ft. together during their unsuccessful 1954 attempt on Cho Oyu, teamed up again and reached the summit of Ganesh Himal (24,300 ft.). They found it "technically not difficult." Unfortunately, a third member of the party, Eric Gauchat, a promising young Swiss climber, fell to his death.

Unsuccessful attempts have been made on other mighty peaks in this category. In 1954 a modestly-equipped British party reached a height of over 21,000 ft. on 25,550-ft. Rakaposhi, one of the huge Karakorum outliers rising above the Indus Valley near Gilgit. In 1955 a strong New Zealand party renewed their countrymen's pre-war attack

(*Continued on following page*)



OPENING UP THE LESSER PEAKS: Recent and planned expeditions to the areas of the lesser Karakorum and Himalayan mountains are shown on this map. The R.A.F. Mountaineering Expedition, the Scottish Women's Expedition and the Merseyside Expedition all enjoyed successful exploration last year. The party from the London School of Economics is about to leave and plans for the Yorkshire team have been made.



TRIDENT PEAK ABOVE THE GLACI which was explored las by t interfered with much mer

ON LESSER HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS

(*Continued from previous page*)

on twin-headed Masherbrum (25,660 ft.), lying a short distance farther north and dominating the Valley of the Shyok, which flows into the Indus above Skardu. The previous attempt in 1938 had very nearly been successful, reaching the summit ridge at a point only a few hundred feet below the peaks, but being turned back there by impossible weather conditions. On this occasion unusually heavy snowfalls and bad weather, added to the loss of a Hunza porter's life from pneumonia high up on the mountain, and the destruction of a high supply-dump by an avalanche, defeated a gallant effort at about 23,500 ft.

No doubt the very high peaks will always continue to throw out an irresistible challenge till, in the long run, they are all climbed one by one by the heavier type of expedition. A few of them will also be climbed by the more lightly manned and equipped combinations favoured by Tilman and Tichy. But there seems strong evidence of a new trend. In view of the classic performances in small party exploration and survey work of such men as Conway, Longstaff, Kellas, Mason, Smythe, Shipton, Tilman and others, it is perhaps fair to speak of a spread in Himalayan climbing.

The assault on the giant peaks is a grim, agonising business, calling for the continued exertion of endurance, courage and self-control. There is very little pleasure in it, except the pleasure of success or meritorious failure enjoyed in retrospect. It is also expensive in money and time, and is beyond the reach of most people's economy. In fact, none of the major operations could be undertaken at all without very heavy subsidy from some foundation charged with the furtherance of such objectives, such as our own Everest Foundation, or by the active financial support of a newspaper, by the sale of film rights and books, or by all combined.

A little less than a hundred years ago in the Alps the trend began to turn from the earlier, purely scientific journeys of the pioneers to the gradual development of a healthy recreation and sport, which has since brought enjoyment and pleasure to thousands of ordinary people.

In the same way, always allowing for vastly greater distances, the absence of railways, roads and transport, the cost of the journey to India and the other differences, we seem to be on the verge of a new attitude towards climbing in the Himalaya. It comes from men and women who love mountaineering but are not interested primarily in size or height. Those who have a developed sense of adventure and the desire to open up new, untrodden regions and ranges, are beginning, in spite of limited financial resources, to make up small, lightly-geared parties of colleagues and friends to go out into the many unexplored valleys topped by relatively low ranges from 18,000 to 23,000 ft.

The peaks and glaciers they find there are still big by Alpine standards and in most cases far more difficult. Among them they enjoy the pleasures of camping, mountaineering, mapping and photography in superb, but not inhuman, scenery and surroundings. And there they find, besides the hard work and harsh weather, other elements the attacker of the giant peaks has to forgo—recreation, enjoyment and fun.

Finance is still the main factor in limiting these undertakings, but the Everest Foundation has proved liberal in the provision of grants towards soundly-conceived expeditions with an approved objective. There have been numerous examples lately of this type of venture.

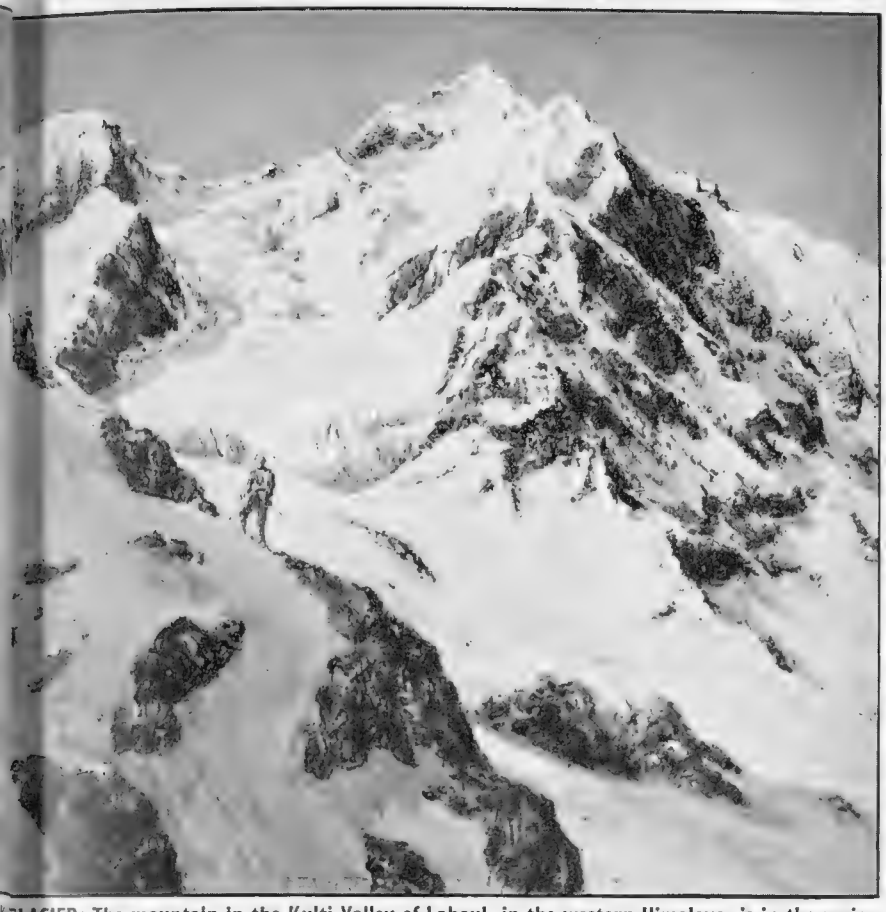
One of the most interesting and successful was last year's Merseyside Expedition led by Gregory in the Gaurisankar area, 30 miles west of Everest, the members of which will, to quote him, "be penniless for some time to come, having sold their motor-cycles and other assets"—in spite of a grant from the Foundation and the sale of their story to a Liverpool newspaper. They mapped the whole area to the south and north of the great Rolwaling Gorges, dominated by Gaurisankar's southern wall, whe from the Tesi Lapcha and Tolam Bau glacier systems ris host of magnificent peaks from 19,000 to 22,000 ft. hi Several new passes were opened up and time was fo to climb nineteen peaks of over 19,000 ft.

Wom desig exped north T

The approach to this type of Himalayan venture fronti perhaps best conveyed in Gregory's own words: "[23,00 climbing of peaks of 20,000 and 21,000 ft. is the repres pleasure of greater mountaineering, and when one adds unma this the delights of wandering in an unknown land one Sirda a store of memories not to be gained in any other wa hey It should not be forgotten that the writer of those wo court had been to 28,000 ft. on Everest in 1953. ve le eeme

Another of these smaller scale and less grim undertakings, of great significance, was last year's Scottish sma

A SCENE OF HIMALAYAN GALLANTRY AND DISASTER: A camp of the 1955 Kenya party is drawn below the summit t) an Himalchuli (25,801 ft.). The leader, Arthur Firmin, East Africa's leading mountaineer and photographer, was usly at 20,000 ft. Although two gallant British nurses climbed to 8,500 ft. to bring him down, the descent proved uch



GLACIER: The mountain in the Kulti Valley of Lahoul, in the western Himalaya, is in the region ... by the expedition of the Royal Air Force Mountaineering Association. Persistent bad weather ... members' climbing activity, but a great deal of valuable survey work was carried out.

Women's Himalayan Expedition. The team-spirit went so far as to dispense with a designated leader, its three members being regarded as equal partners. This first expedition to be composed entirely of women chose as their objective the Jugal Himal, north of Katmandu, the last large area of the Nepal Himalaya to remain unexplored.

There they found their way by glacier routes to two high passes on the Nepal-Tibet frontier. They discovered that the peaks of the Jugal, though nowhere more than 23,000 ft. high and hardly worthwhile for a large expedition, are mostly repellently steep, representing difficulties out of all proportion to their height. None the less, they climbed an unmapped, unnamed peak of 22,000 ft. on the frontier, naming it Gyalgen after their Sirdar of Sherpas. They report that everyone was most kind and helpful wherever they went. Of Sherpas and porters Mrs. Monica Jackson modestly writes: "Their courtesy, kindness and enthusiasm for our enterprise endeared them greatly to us. When we left them all at Katmandu we felt as if we were leaving old friends. That they, in turn, seemed genuinely sorry to see us go was, I sincerely believe, far the most important thing we've achieved in Nepal." What was perhaps more important was to have established that a small party of women could achieve so much in an unvisited area of the Himalaya, and find it all thoroughly enjoyable.

t) and the western summit of ...usly injured on reconnaissance ...uch for him and he later died.

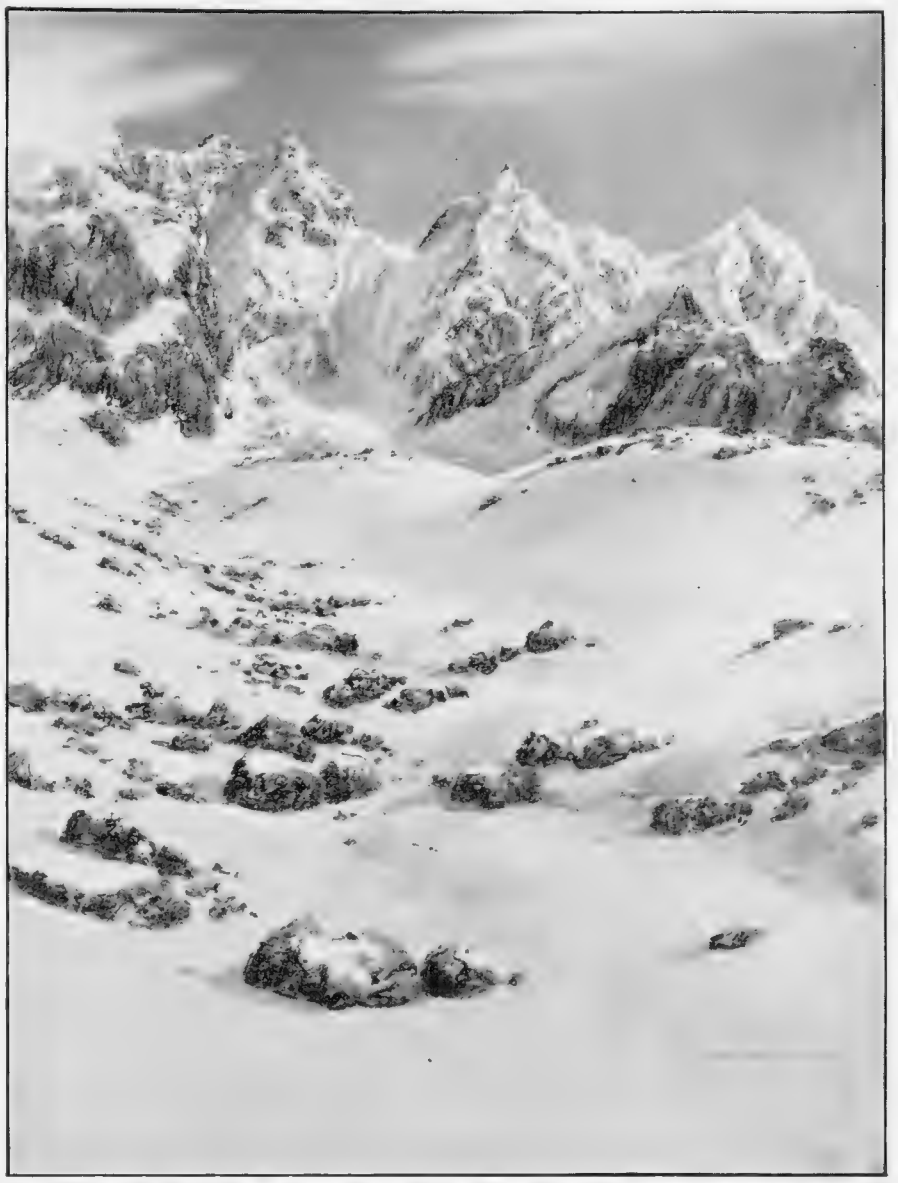
Once again, nothing succeeds like success, for another small party of four women from Surrey, the Abinger Hatch Expedition, has recently gone out to the Himalaya. Another of these "private enterprises" during 1955 was the R.A.F. Mountaineering Association's expedition to the Kulti Valley of Lahoul, whose objective was to explore the Spiti-Lahoul watershed, north-east from the Kulu border. Though they never reached it and persistent bad weather interfered with much of their climbing, they "had a wonderful time in the Kultihimal."

Yet another, with a rather loftier objective, was the all-Kenya party led by Arthur Firmin, East Africa's leading mountaineer and photographer, to Himalchuli (25,801 ft.) and Baudha (21,600 ft.), southern outliers of Manaslu. The main objective was to explore the region, but the party wanted also, if possible, to climb the peaks. Unhappily, at about 20,000 ft. on a reconnaissance of Himalchuli's great south-west ridge, a boulder fell on Firmin, breaking his left thigh. Bad weather added to the other difficulties of getting the injured man down. Though two gallant British nurses, Misses Steele and Lodge, climbed to 8,500 ft. to meet him, a ten-day journey proved too much for his heart only a day's march from Pokhara, whence an aircraft would have flown him to Calcutta.

In March of this year a small party consisting of Madame Deriaz and Arthur Baumgartner scaled Khatung Kang, a peak of nearly 21,000 ft., which lies to the north of Katmandu.

The number of similar ventures, British and Indian, is steadily on the increase. A London School of Economics Expedition is about to leave for Skardu, in Kashmir, to explore the Biafo-Khurdopin watershed of the Karakorums and, if possible, cross it for the first time from the Biafo Glacier. They also hope to climb at least one 22,000-ft. peak. For next year plans are already drawn up for a Yorkshire expedition under W. Cowley, to visit the Baspa Valley, in the western Himalaya, beyond Simla and the Sutlej Gorge, attempting various peaks of from 20,000 to 21,000 ft. in and around the Pin and Parbati Valleys, including Chini Kailas.

Apart from the ultimate inevitable attempts on the remaining giants of over 26,000 ft., it is probable that these are the lines along which, for the greater enjoyment of true mountaineering, exploration and survey, the climbing in the Himalaya will develop over the coming years.



SURVEYED BY THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: The Dorje Lakpa is in the Jugal Himal, north of Katmandu. This area was the objective last year of the Scottish Women's Himalayan Expedition, the first all-women team to go to the Himalaya Mountains.

ON THE ICEFALL OF A HITHERTO UNTRODDEN GLACIER: Members of the Scottish Women's Expedition make their way over the lower ice-fall of the Phurbichyachumbu Glacier. This desolate region is in the last large area of the Nepal Himalaya which remains unexplored.

SALMON FISHING ON THE LUNE

Some of the Methods used to Trap Salmon on the River Lune, in North Lancashire

It has been claimed that a hundred years ago the weight of salmon caught in Lancashire's River Lune was so great that the local apprentices insisted on a clause in their indentures stipulating they should not be fed on the fish more than two or three times a week ! Unfortunately, any originality in such an assertion is lost by the fact that numerous other places in the country claim precisely the same thing. Indeed, the Hereford historian, Mr. I. Cohen, has been investigating these claims for many years without being able to come across one single instance where they can be substantiated by any concrete evidence.

Doubtless, then, North Lancashire's claim to such fame is as dubious as that of the other places, but around the estuary of the Lune, which enters the Irish Sea some miles to the west of Lancaster itself, there are, to-day, professional fishermen catching salmon in much the same way as they were caught when the " legend " was born.

Near the mouth of the river they work heavy drift nets from boats, but farther up the estuary they stand shoulder-deep in the water pushing their " have " nets against the flow. And on the edge of the lonely shore on the south side of the river, by the scanty ruins of the Præmonstratensian establishment of Cockersand Abbey, eighty-eight-year-old Dick Raby uses the oldest method of all—an ancient fishing baulk which is one of the very few survivals of the " fixed engine " type of salmon trap remaining in these islands.

It was about the year 1847 that Dick Raby's grandfather was engaged in the erection of the near-by lighthouse and found the fishing baulk in a state of disrepair. Originally, the Abbots of Cockersand had enjoyed the fishing rights hereabouts and the members of the community had worked the first baulks, but for a long time they had been neglected. The enterprising lighthouse builder decided to bring the old trap into working order again.

The baulk itself is composed of a bank of stones topped by a 6-ft.-high wattle hedge and arranged in the shape of an inverted letter " L," with one arm running out from the shore and the other at right-angles to it. High tide, of course, submerges the baulk, and then as the waters recede the salmon coming down the estuary are trapped and make their way to the junction between the two arms. Here is a kind of sluice to allow the waters to flow through, and, as soon as the state of the tide permits, Dick and his helpers take up their positions on the bank in order to deal with any salmon coming towards the narrow opening.

Inconvenient as the task of keeping pace with the tides may be, working a fishing baulk is comparatively comfortable when compared with using a " have " net, the name of which would seem to be a corruption of " heave " net. Here, the fisherman goes out into the channel, taking with him some 700 sq. ft. of 2-in. netting fastened to an 18-ft.-long timber pole supported by three legs of about 4 ft. in length. Holding on to the centre leg, he lowers the net in the water and faces the current. A salmon entering the net causes the centre support to bang against his knee, and that is the signal for the frame to be lifted out of the water and the fish captured before it has a chance of escaping.

All this sounds simple, but it often means a long vigil, with the water coming up to the arm-pits, before the strike of any salmon is felt. And, as in the case of the baulk, the flood-tide and ebb come at the most inconsiderate times. Many a lonely night hour is spent by these men in the dark waters of the Lune.

Several " have " fishers work the river near the lonely inn at Snatchems, on the north side of the Lune, waiting for the flood tide. The river itself flows swiftly here at the bottom of a 10-ft.-deep muddy ravine, but the tides rise rapidly in these parts and frequently submerge the road between the inn and the Lune. On such occasions the innkeeper usually has time to sound a warning to his customers, but there have been instances of their being marooned until low tide.

Such incidents make it incumbent on the local " have " net fishermen to be fully conversant with the vagaries of the tides.

To hear these men discussing, as they fish, the ebb at midnight and to-morrow's flood is to realise that the times of the summer flow order their lives.

SIDNEY MOORHOUSE

THE OLD FISHING BAULK AT COCKERSAND ABBEY: A fisherman holds a net in the water flowing through the narrow opening in the arms. The salmon are trapped in the arms of the baulk during high tide and are pulled out as the receding waters force them to seek an exit through the outlet. A sluice allows water through but not fish.

On left—
THE BAULK AT LOW TIDE: A couple of fishermen reinforce the wattle hedge of the salmon trap or baulk before the turn of the tide. Behind is the old lighthouse, built in the middle of the last century and which serves as a convenient landmark on the flats for the local fishermen.

THE " HAVE " FISHERS OF LUNE : Two of the fishermen who still use the " have " net talk over the evening's prospects as they wait for the flood. Most of their fishing is done in mid-channel.

GOING OUT TO DEEPER WATER : A " have " net fisherman makes his way out to mid-stream. This method of fishing often means a long night vigil, with the water-level up to the arm-pits.

WAITING FOR THE SALMON : The " have " net is held against the incoming flow of the river as it turns with the tide. The current is strong and the unwieldy net requires considerable strength.

A WORLD OF TIDES AND CURRENTS : Three fishermen of Morecambe dress for their night's fishing. The routine of their lives is largely ruled by the hours of ebb and flow in the tide of their local river.

AIDING FRUIT-GROWING BY SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

The East Malling Research Station in Kent Investigates the Problems and Enemies of the Fruit-Grower

FRUIT-GROWING RESEARCH IN KENT: A worker examines a trap for codlin moths. These lay eggs which become the caterpillar found in apples.

IMPROVING THE BREED: Cuttings are plunged into insulated bins for the winter. When planted out in the spring, the cuttings root more freely.

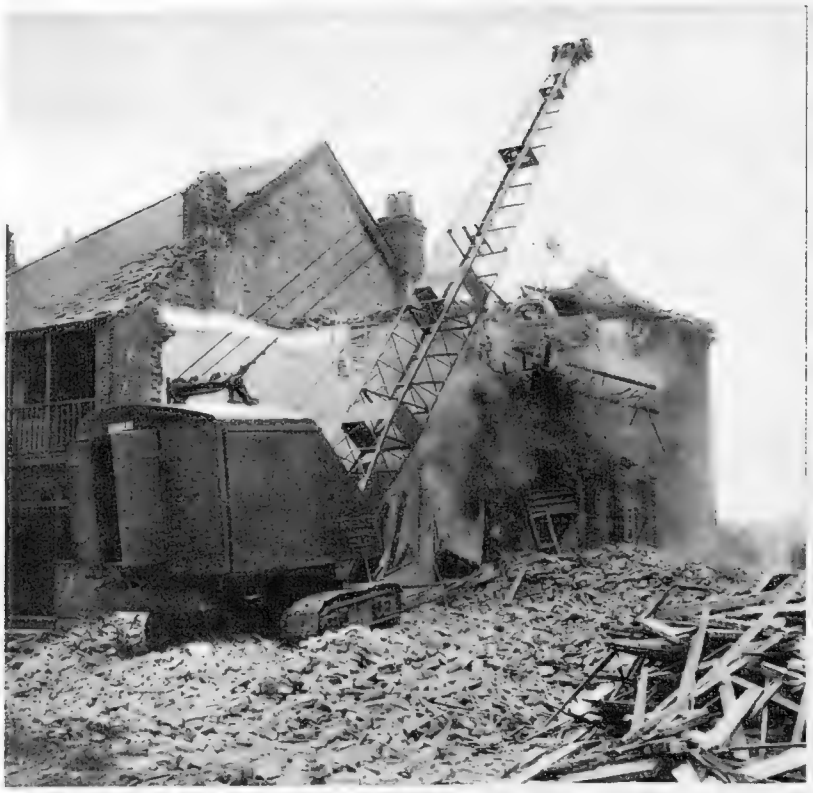
INCREASING THE RATE OF GROWTH: This propagating frame has an electrically-controlled spray which promotes rapid rooting of cuttings.

PART OF THE EAST MALLING RESEARCH STATION: This view shows the experimental plantations. In the middle-distance is an orchard where the effects of spraying on harmful and beneficial insects are studied.

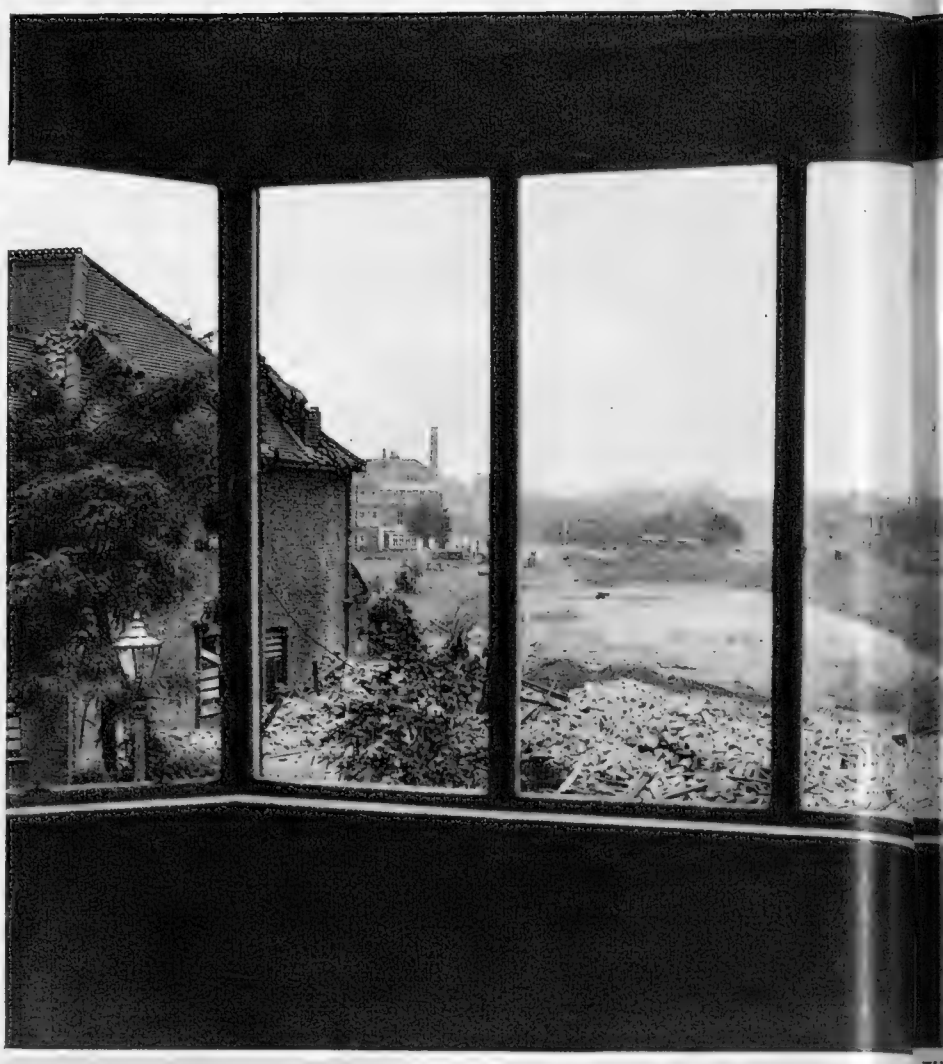
EXPERIMENTS IN FRUIT-TREE GROWING: Hardwood cuttings of different fruit trees are examined by a research worker at East Malling. Various rootstocks have received different treatments, and cuttings are made from them according to the success of the treatment used in each case.

Fruit-growers all over the world are benefiting from the work of the East Malling Research Station, near Maidstone. Situated in the heart of the orchard-land of the "Garden of England," the station helps the grower to improve the breed of his trees and to fight their enemies. Its research programme is divided broadly into pomology (the science of fruit-growing), plant physiology, plant nutrition, analysis, biochemistry, plant pathology, entomology, the chemistry of plant protection, and statistics. Special problems under investigation at the present include frost injury; biennial bearing; root-stock/scion relationships; vegetative propagation; and the use of growth-regulating substances to promote rooting and to check the premature dropping of fruit. Other subjects being studied are trace-element nutrition and its effects on the behaviour and composition of the plants; improved methods and materials for the control of pests and diseases, and virus diseases of top fruit. Research on hops has always formed an important part of the Station's work, as have problems of plot layout, and sampling methods for quick and efficient recording. Ever since the Station was founded in 1913, it has collaborated closely with the Research Institute of Plant Physiology of the Imperial College of Science, in London, and with the Commonwealth Bureau of Horticulture and Plantation Crops, which has been located at the Station since its foundation in 1929. The East Malling Research Station welcomes those interested in the work it is doing and visits can be made by appointment.

BENEFICIAL INSECTS FOSTERED: A predatory capsid bug is fed while being studied to discover its habits.



THE EXTENSION AT HAMMERSMITH: A mechanical shovel bites into a house which is being demolished to permit the continuation of the new highway. The road will run from the Great West Road, in Chiswick, to Hammersmith Broadway and through to Kensington. It will provide a new approach to the West End.



THE CROMWELL ROAD EXTENSION

A Row of Houses is Demolished to Allow Continuation of the New Highway

The houses which until recently have blocked the path of the Cromwell Road Extension at Hammersmith have now been demolished to permit the further continuation of the dual carriageway. During the last few weeks mechanical shovels and gangs of workmen have been cutting a lane through the several rows of houses which lay across the road at right-angles to its proposed path. The extension, when eventually completed, will provide a new and perhaps slightly faster approach for traffic to the West End and to the heart of the City in general. According to present planning the highway will run from the Great West Road at Chiswick through Hammersmith to Kensington. When the first section of roadway is opened to traffic—which will probably be at the end of this year—Hammersmith Broadway will be transformed into a one-way traffic artery so as to avoid as much congestion as possible. Although the new road will greatly relieve the now heavily congested route through Kensington, it will inevitably bring one or two problems of its own. Of these the one most likely to create difficulty will be a possible tendency towards traffic congestion at Hammersmith itself.

AT WORK ON THE HAMMERSMITH SITE: The area looks like a battlefield as the mechanical shovels begin the wholesale demolition of the houses. On the roof workmen remove valuable lead and piping before the walls are brought down. Through the gap in the houses can be seen the end of the present extension, which will be continued when they have been demolished and removed.

THE ROAD ADMITS NO OBSTACLE : *Above, on left*—This picture, taken from the shell of one of the houses then being demolished, shows the empty space which has been cleared, and beyond it that part of the Cromwell Road Extension which has already been constructed. *Above, on right*—Workmen begin to level the ground where some of the houses once stood. Those in the background are awaiting their turn to be brought down. Several houses lie across the highway and their removal has necessitated extensive demolitions.

AFTER THE BULLDOZERS HAVE PASSED : Rubble litters the area as workmen begin the levelling of the cleared ground. *On left*—The remaining wall of one of the houses awaits its turn for destruction. The extension will greatly relieve the heavily congested road through Kensington, apart from furnishing another approach to the West End. In all probability the first stage of the new highway will be completed by the end of this year. When this is opened to traffic, the Broadway at Hammersmith will become "one-way" only.

THE CRICKETING CURATE

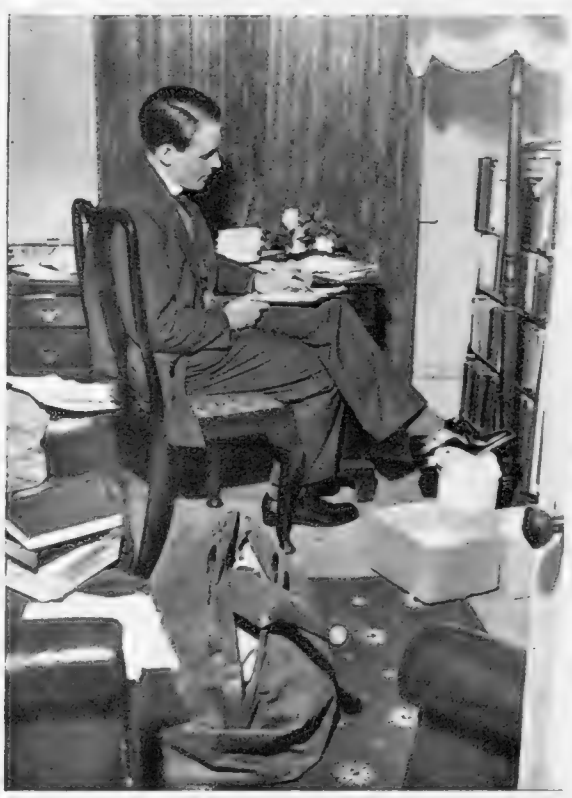
At Islington, the Rev. David Sheppard, a Former Captain of England, Devotes Part of His Time to the Parish Youth

A LAMP-POST IS THE WICKET FOR ENGLAND'S FORMER CAPTAIN : The Rev. David Sheppard is batting during a game of cricket with local boys in Islington, North London. The pitch is one of the borough's side streets and the wicket is chalked on the base of a lamp-post. David Sheppard, who once captained Cambridge, Sussex and England, is now a curate in the Parish of St. Mary's.

KEEPING WICKET IN A SIDE STREET IN ISLINGTON : The Rev. David Sheppard prepares to take the ball as it passes the batsman at the lamp-post wicket. In addition to all his ecclesiastical work at St. Mary's he is still able to play an occasional game of first-class cricket.

A PARTNER AT TABLE-TENNIS : A member of the Covenantors' Club, attached to the Church, is partnered by David Sheppard during a game of table-tennis. The curate also joins in other games played in the hall.

A WORD OF ADVICE : The curate and one of the boys have a discussion at the wicket. David Sheppard spends many evenings doing youth work in the parish.



AT HIS DESK : As well as the normal parochial work Mr. Sheppard has to deal with a large correspondence. In the foreground of the picture is his cricket bag and on the settee is a box of cricket balls.

FROM CRICKET FIELD TO PULPIT : The junior curate takes part in a service in the temporary church building—normally used as the parish hall. St. Mary's was damaged by bombs in 1940 and is now being rebuilt.

The Rev. David S. Sheppard, who in recent years has captained Cambridge, Sussex and England, is now the junior curate on the staff of the Rev. Maurice Wood, Vicar of St. Mary's Parish Church, Islington. Ordained deacon by Bishop Wand at St. Paul's Cathedral last Michaelmas, he is working in a corner of North London which has a teeming population but very little choice of playing fields for the children.

One of David Sheppard's many duties in Islington is youth work and he spends a number of evenings visiting the streets and halls where the children gather for their games. In the summer months the accent in the side streets is on cricket and the boys are fortunate in having the former captain of England to coach them with bat and ball. David Sheppard joins in the game whenever possible and takes his turn at batting and fielding. In most cases a lamp-post acts as the wicket with the "stumps" chalked on its base.

In the parish hall David Sheppard often visits the members of the Covenantors' Club, a national club movement within the Church, and takes part in their activities. He encourages the boys with their games and is willing to join in and partner any of the members at table-tennis. He is also chaplain of the local Scouts and Army Cadet Corps, and of the Islington Boys' Club which is a civic organisation. But above all his real work is Christianity and all his efforts with the youth in Islington and, indeed, with all those who live in the parish, are directed to that end.

David Sheppard's other activities in the parish include visiting the homes and hospital wards as well as taking part in all the services and duties of the Church, and in helping with the arrangements for the annual Islington Clerical Conference. On each Monday the staff at St. Mary's meet the Vicar for their conference and then through-out the week there is the usual list of Church meetings and activities for both young and old. In addition to all these activities David Sheppard, who captained Cambridge in 1952 and led England against Pakistan in 1954, still finds a little time to play first-class cricket. He also plays for the Diocese of London in the *Church Times* Cricket Cup.

INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE IN SCOTLAND

More Electric Power ; a Tractor Factory ; a Safer Lead Mine

THE OPENING OF THE POWER STATION OF THE LAWERS HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT : *Left*—Some of those attending the opening stand outside the power-house at Finlarig. *Right*—Lady Taylor, wife of Sir Thomas Taylor, Principal of Aberdeen University, speaks before performing the switching-on ceremony. Sitting beside her at the table is Mr. Thomas Johnston, Chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. *Right, below*—The dam nears completion on a small loch high up in Ben Lawers where water is stored for the power and carried by pipeline to the station which is 1,362 ft. below. It is anticipated that the scheme will produce an annual average of 80,000,000 units of electricity.

ON THE SITE OF A NEW FACTORY IN LANARKSHIRE: From the left are—Mr. H. S. Eberhard, the President of the Caterpillar Tractor Company of the United States of America; Mr. W. J. Bornholdt, the Managing Director of the subsidiary British company; Mr. M. Hunt, site agent; and Mr. J. R. Munro, a director. They are examining plans on the site at Tannochside, in Lanarkshire, where work has begun for a large factory for the British company.

IMPROVED CONDITIONS FOR LEAD MINERS: An electric locomotive draws a train of clutches in one of the galleries of the lead mine at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire. *On right*—A general view is seen above-ground of a shaft of the mine surrounded by hills. Constant efforts are made here to improve the conditions for the workers in what used to be a dangerous and unattractive trade. Nowadays such methods as wet-drilling and spraying after shot-firing keep down the dust, which formerly caused widespread silicosis among the miners. Up-to-date equipment of all kinds is employed and electricity has been brought to dwelling-houses in the village. As a result of these improvements men who left the mine some years ago are returning to work in it. At present there are some seventy employees at Wanlockhead.

HER MAJESTY IN AYRSHIRE: The people of Ayr line the streets to greet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they arrive to visit Burns' cottage (on left). The Royal tour of the county lasted for 6½ hours and is said to be the first tour of Ayrshire by a reigning monarch for almost 400 years since the time of Mary, Queen of Scots. Her Majesty, who travelled from London in the Royal train, was met at Troon by the Duke of Edinburgh, who had been taking part in the International Clyde Fortnight at Rothesay. After their tour of the county of Ayrshire they went on to Edinburgh, where they took up residence in the Palace of Holyroodhouse. They were met at the station by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir John Banks, who presented the keys of the city to Her Majesty. Accompanying him were other town council representatives. A guard of honour was mounted on the platform by the Royal Scots Greys. The reception over, the Royal party entered their cars and drove through the city to the Palace. Before leaving Edinburgh Her Majesty opened the new National Library of Scotland.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN SCOTLAND

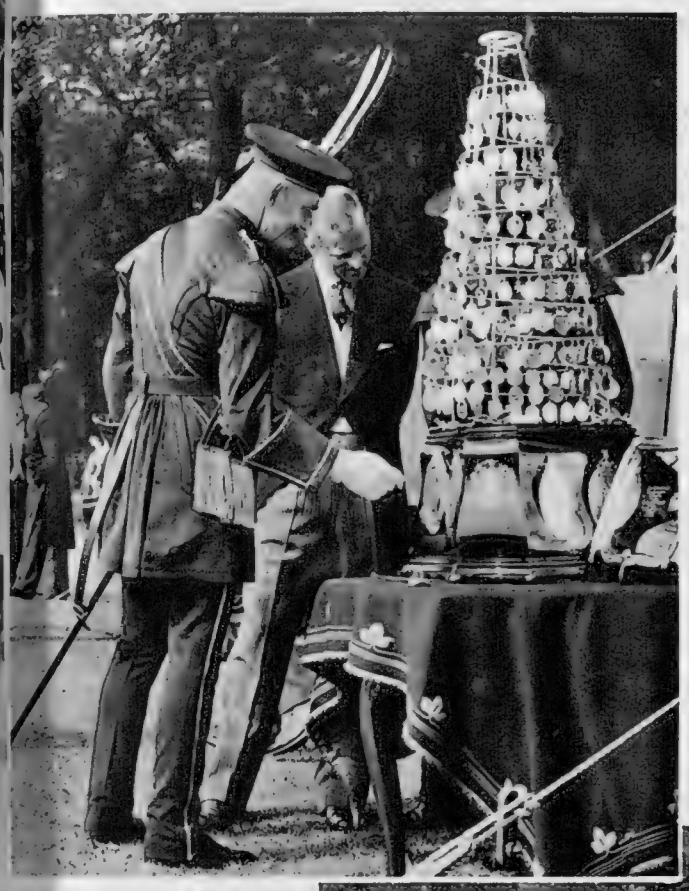
The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on their Six-Day Visit Across the Border

AT ALLOWAY AND TROON: The Queen leaves Burns' cottage at Alloway, Ayr. She was shown round by the 85-year-old curator, Mr. Thomas McMynn. *On right*—Her Majesty and the Duke sign the visitors' book at Troon.

FLOWERS FROM ARDROSSAN: The Queen receives a bouquet from the young daughter of the Provost of Ardrossan. It was from Ardrossan that the road journey started through Ayrshire.

THE HALT AT KILMARNOCK: The Duke of Edinburgh signs a portrait of himself outside the Town Hall at Kilmarnock. In the background Her Majesty speaks with Provost Daniel Cairns and Commander G. M. Hughes-Onslow, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ayrshire. Among those presented to the Queen in Kilmarnock were three Provosts.

THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARY: The Queen inspects the Bute collection at the opening of the National Library. With her is the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who accompanied Her Majesty.



THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS HOLD THEIR SHOOT IN THE MEADOWS: The Duke of Edinburgh inspects the Queen's Prize of the Company during their shoot for the Edinburgh Arrow which was presented in 1709 for annual competition by the Magistrates of Edinburgh. Although Her Majesty has often reviewed the Royal Company of Archers in the grounds of Holyroodhouse this was the first time that she had witnessed them shooting in the Meadows. After seeing thirty-one members of her bodyguard shoot in the seventh "end" of the competition for the Edinburgh Arrow, she presented the arrow and the Queen's Prize to their respective winners. She was received on the ground by the Captain-General of the Royal Company, the Earl of Stair. The competition produced archery of a very high standard for there was an awkward cross-wind which called for a high degree of skill and judgment.

On right—

THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS AT HOLYROODHOUSE: The Queen walks across the lawns of the Palace of Holyroodhouse after receiving a diamond and gold brooch in the shape of the eagle badge of the Royal Scots Greys. The brooch was presented to her by the regiment in a private ceremony held in the grounds of the Palace. The Queen later presented them with a new guidon.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE EDINBURGH ARROW: Her Majesty watches the seventh "end" of the shoot in the Meadows. Behind is the Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers, the Earl of Stair, and on the right is Brigadier Grainger Stewart. The winner was a joint honorary secretary, Major Gammell.

COMEDY AND PAGEANTRY

The New Shakespeare Production at Stratford; and Amateurs at Scarborough

Love's Labour's Lost, which came into the repertoire of this year's Stratford season last week, is not the easiest of Shakespeare's plays to produce. It is a mixture of comedy and obscure humour, in the formal setting of the Court of Navarre. Mr. Peter Hall, who has already established his name in London, makes his debut at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre with this production. For the most part he has concentrated on the spectacular aspects rather than the less obvious and profounder intention which Shakespeare may have meant to convey. The general effect is pleasing both to the eye and to the ear in the setting of a great open air staircase, somewhere in the Castle of Navarre, designed by Mr. James Bailey.

IN "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" AT STRATFORD: In front, from the left, are—Maria (Dilys Hamlett); Katharine (Greta Watson); Rosaline (Jeannette Sterke); Princess of France (Geraldine McEwan); Ferdinand, King of Navarre (Basil Hoskins); Berowne (Alan Badel); Dumaine (David William); Longaville (Andrew Faulds); and Boyet (George Howe).

On left—
KING OF NAVARRE AND PRINCESS OF FRANCE: Basil Hoskins and Geraldine McEwan are in a scene in Peter Hall's current production at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford.

On right—
YOUTH AND AGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY: Moth, the page to Armado (Richard O'Sullivan); and Jaquenetta, a Country Wench, are with Don Adriano (Harry Andrews) in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

A LORD AND LADY IN ROYAL ATTENDANCE: Berowne (Alan Badel) has his first exchange of words with Rosaline (Jeannette Sterke).

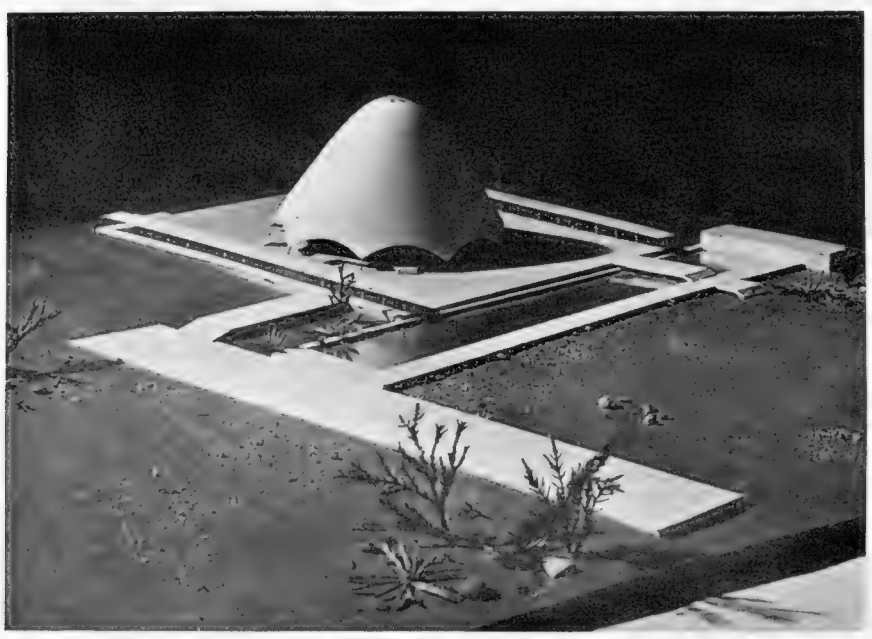
AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF MUSICAL COMEDY IN THE OPEN AIR: The cast is gathered on the stage of the open-air theatre in Scarborough, Yorkshire, for a scene in the local Amateur Operatic Society's production of Ivor Novello's spectacular musical *King's Rhapsody*. The stage is separated by a lake from the auditorium, which seats 8,000 people.

BUILDINGS— ORTHODOX AND UNORTHODOX

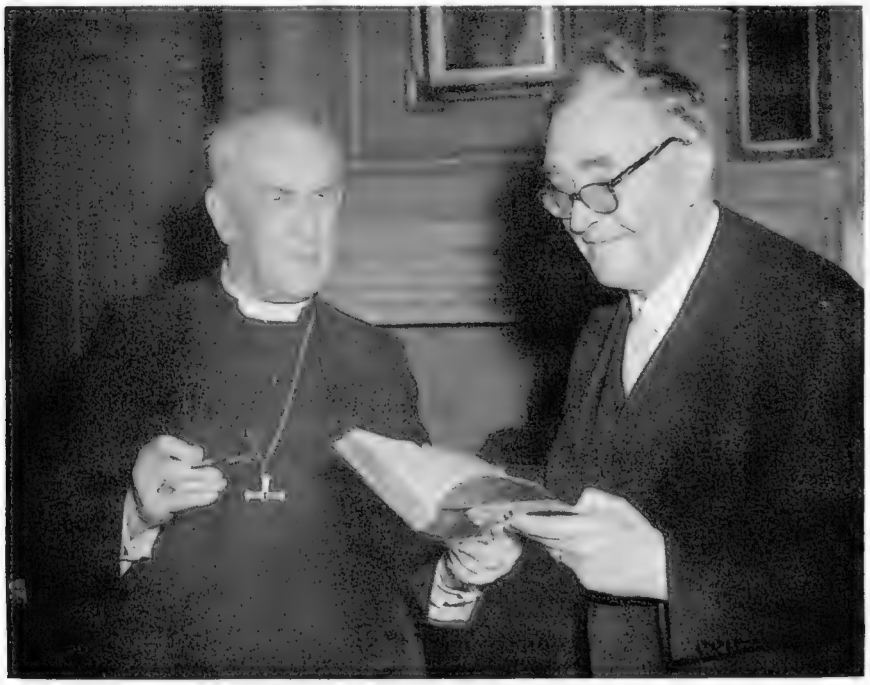
Contrasts in England and Germany; and the Honouring of a Swiss Theologian

On left—
A NEW CHURCH FOR THE ELIM SECT IN CLAPHAM, SOUTH-WEST LONDON: A view looking down on the Elim Four-square Tabernacle at Clapham Crescent, which is being built at a cost of £35,000. Standing on the site of the original building, which was destroyed by bombs in 1941, it was due to be opened last Saturday. The windows in the building's side walls help to direct the light towards the pulpit.

Below—
INSIDE THE NEW "ULTRA MODERN" ELIM CHURCH: There is seating accommodation for many people in the balcony. Other features of the new building at Clapham include concealed lighting, plate-glass windows and transparent swing doors.



A MOSQUE OF THE FUTURE? This curious bell-shaped construction is a model of a design for a mosque by a German architect, Paul Schneider-Esleben. It is proposed to erect it in the Taunus Mountains, near Wiesbaden, in Western Germany. The dome will be 130 ft. high, with surroundings of terraces and water. The design was selected by a committee under the President of the German Architects' Association.



AN EMINENT SWISS THEOLOGIAN IS HONOURED IN LONDON: Dr. Karl Barth receives from the Archbishop of Canterbury a copy of *Essays in Christology for Karl Barth*, which has been written by British theologians to celebrate his seventieth birthday. Edited by T. H. L. Parker, it is published by the Lutterworth Press. The presentation ceremony took place in Lambeth Palace library and was attended by a distinguished company, which included representatives of various Christian denominations.

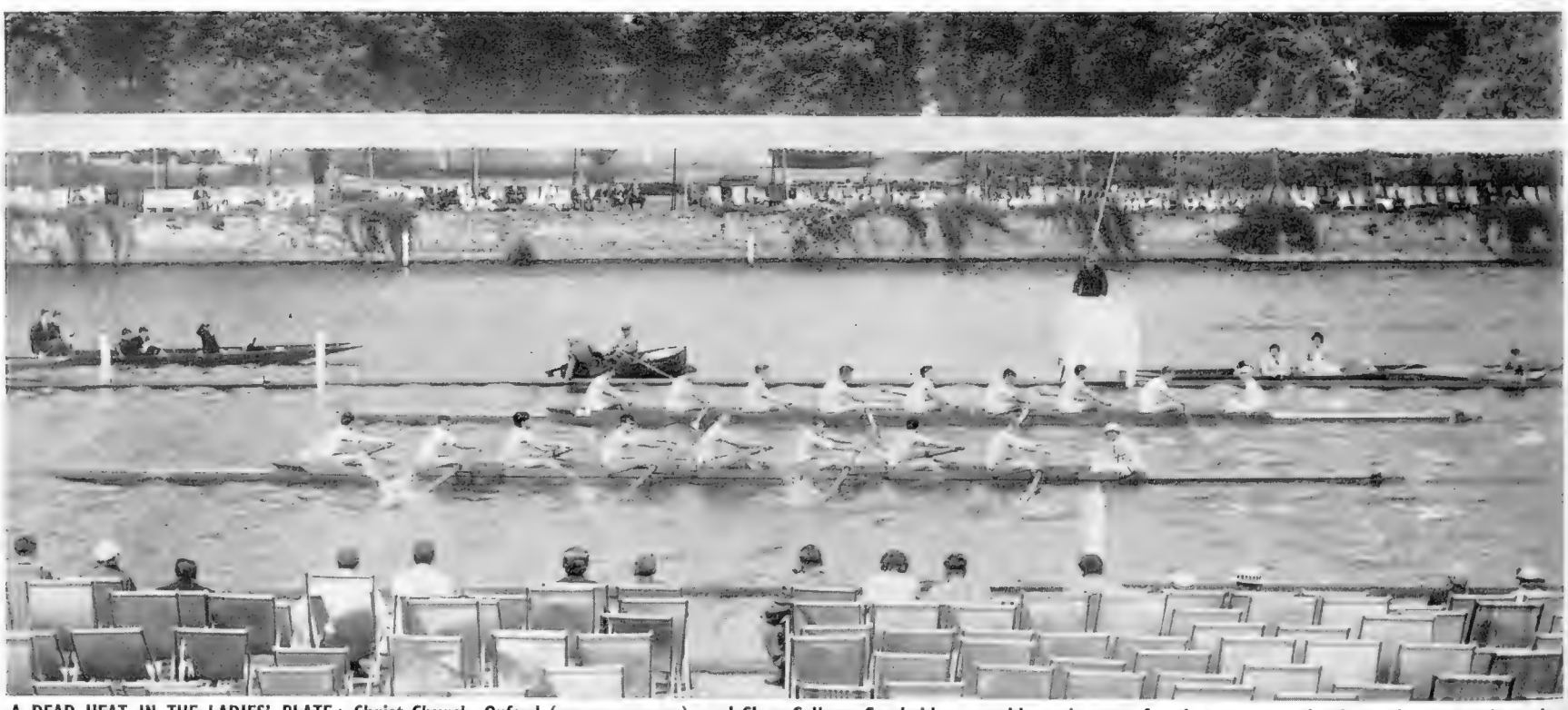
WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE RESTORATION OF THE WAR-DAMAGED CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW, IN CHEAPSIDE: The tower and steeple are encased in scaffolding in preparation for work on the spire which is to be taken down and rebuilt. The tower is considered to be one of Wren's most beautiful designs. Inside the church, corrugated iron sheeting has been erected to protect the work in progress in the crypt. So far the restoration appeal for £150,000 has realised £62,000.

JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, DEFEAT LEANDER IN THE GRAND: The winners are at the finish half a length ahead of the crew which had started strong favourites. The heat was rowed in a near-gale, with a furious head wind blowing down the course. Jesus triumphed by remembering that in such conditions a high rate of striking must be maintained throughout, otherwise it is impossible to spurt. Leander led off the start but dropped to 32 and at Fawley the Cambridge crew, who rarely dropped below 35, were half a length up. They hung on to this distance to win a magnificent race. The weather also upset form in another heat of the Grand. Queens' College, Cambridge, were driven by the fierce wind into a boom near Temple Island and London Rowing Club gained an easy victory. In this year's Henley there was a smaller entry than usual from overseas crews. Nevertheless three of the major open events—the Grand, the Thames and the Diamonds—went to foreign clubs.

HEAD WINDS AT HENLEY

Boisterous Weather Upsets Form at Henley Royal Regatta

UMBRELLA DAY: Spectators protect themselves against the weather as the R.A.F. (on far side) defeat London University by three-quarters of a length in the Thames Cup. *On right*—Crews come ashore on the rafts at Henley.



A DEAD HEAT IN THE LADIES' PLATE: Christ Church, Oxford (nearer camera), and Clare College, Cambridge, provide excitement for the spectators in the enclosures and on the wall of Phyllis Court as they battle to the finish in their race which ended in a dead heat. Earlier on the course Christ Church had been leading by three-quarters of a length, but Clare then caught them up. In the re-row the Cambridge college were the winners. There was also a dead heat in the Wyfolds between the R.A.F. and London.

A CYPRUS SURVEY

Security Forces Maintain their Search for Terrorist Arms and Ammunition Dumps

The security forces in Cyprus have maintained the advantage they gained in their sweeps in the mountains by increased vigilance in the towns and particularly in the capital. During a night patrol through the streets of Nicosia, a party of troops found three young Cypriots hiding in an adjacent cemetery. A search made the following morning among the graves in the presence of a Greek priest and a British chaplain resulted in the finding of a store of ammunition and a pistol. Of the three youths held by the patrol, one of them was found to be armed. The use made by the terrorists of sacred places, particularly monasteries and churches, is becoming more and more prevalent and presents fresh problems for the security forces on the island. No search is ever carried out in a sacred place except in the presence of a chaplain to ensure that no desecration occurs due to misunderstanding.

The price that the population of Cyprus must pay for the terrorism in their island was amply demonstrated in Komatou Yialou when a bomb thrown at a British military vehicle exploded and killed a nine-year-old child who was standing near by. The terrorist was shot dead by troops before he could make good his escape on a bicycle. Such incidents as these have not been so frequent since the success of the mountain searches.

SEARCHING FOR TERRORIST SUPPLY DUMPS: British troops search a cemetery in Nicosia. The night before, three youths, one armed, had been found hiding there. The graveyard was searched and some ammunition and a pistol were found. *On left*—A mine-detector is used while searching a church.

MR. JUSTICE SHAW RESUMES HIS DUTIES: The Cyprus judge who was wounded in a terrorist attack has returned to the Special Court in Nicosia. In the attempt on his life he received two bullets in the neck.

THE WATCH OVER METAXAS SQUARE: A British soldier keeps watch over Metaxas Square during a change of the guard in Nicosia. The terrorists try to make their attacks coincide with the guard-changing.

THREE YOUTHS ARRESTED IN A CEMETERY: The three Greek Cypriots who were caught by a patrol while hiding in a Nicosia cemetery are made to kneel outside their home as a search is made. The cemetery in which they were found is close to the British military hospital in which Mr. Justice Shaw was convalescing.

THE PRICE OF TERRORISM: Suspects face the wall after a terrorist bomb attempt on a British military vehicle in Komatou Yialou. A blanket covers the body of a 9-year-old child who was killed in the explosion.

TESTING TIME IN CAR FACTORIES

The Slump in Car Sales Raises Problems for Both Management and Men; a New Wolseley; Comments on Other British Models; and Other Motoring News

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE sympathy of all motorists will go out to the British Motor Corporation, the Standard Motor Co., and other units of the British car industry which have been hit by the slump in sales. Some members of the Big Five have been affected more seriously than others. With some, the effect of the credit squeeze and heavier import restrictions in foreign markets has been aggravated by design limitations in the cars they are trying to sell.

It is a real testing time in Britain's car factories for both management and men. On the managerial side there must be better market research, bolder planning and more vigorous salesmanship. The workers of the industry should realise, before much more harm is done, that unless they pull their full weight—working harder and talking less about strike action—a lot more of them are going to lose their jobs.

In the first five months of 1956 British car production dropped by nearly 45,000 compared with January-May period of last year. In the same period exports fell by 37,500. If this decline is maintained for the rest of the year at this rate—an average drop of 9,000 a month in the number of cars built and one of 7,500 a month in exports—total production for 1956 will drop by more than an eighth compared with 1955 and exports by nearly a quarter.

The drastic new import restrictions in Australia, announced since these figures were issued, will add still further to the problems of the British car manufacturers. In May, the latest month for which figures are available, 55,594 cars were built in Britain. This was a drop of 17,527. Exports, at 29,752, fell by 3,825.

An encouraging feature of the latest export details is that in certain markets British cars seem to be regaining some of the ground lost to Continental competitors. For instance, exports to Sweden increased from 4,000 in April and May last year to 6,000 in the same two months of 1956. Sales to Belgium similarly showed a rise from 2,900 to 3,200. In the first five months of the year exports to North America rose from 17,000 last year to 20,200 this year.

This improvement can be taken as evidence that Britain is already beginning to benefit, in the export sphere, from the production of new and better-looking models (including the Fords and the Hillmans, the Sunbeam Rapier and the Standard Vanguard).

One fact that can leave no room for complacency is that Germany has now outstripped Britain in car production.

Amidst all the commotion following their announcement that 6,000 of their workpeople were being sacked, the British Motor Corporation gave news of a new Wolseley model: the 15/50. It is a new version of the 1¾-litre 4/44 (which will continue in production, for the time being at any rate) and costs the same: £961 7s., including £321 7s. purchase tax.

The 15/50 has the "B" type B.M.C. engine of 1,489 cc. This is the overhead-valve unit which also powers the M.G. Magnette, Morris Oxford and Austin A50 Cambridge. The makers claim for the 15/50 a livelier performance than the 4/44 and a better fuel mileage (probably as much as 35 to the gallon).

An interesting technical feature of the new Wolseley is that it has a central gear-change lever. They are not even offering a steering-column gear shift as an optional extra. Bravo!

News of another well-known British car is that the Rootes Group have knocked £65 off the basic price of their three Humber Hawk models. The standard saloon now costs £976 7s., including tax, the de luxe saloon £998 17s. and the touring limousine £1,096 7s.

The Rootes Group say these Hawk models have been in production long enough for their early overhead costs to have dropped.

A public opinion poll sponsored by the new Motor Accessories Manufacturers' Association showed that motorists do not like the trend towards "tied" garages where you can get only one brand of petrol and oil. Of the motorists interviewed 81 per cent. prefer a choice of petrol, 87 per cent. a choice of oil and 87 per cent. a choice of tyres, batteries and accessories.

No fewer than 77 per cent. voted that the issue of free choice was sufficiently important to warrant investigation by the Monopolies Commission.

Mr. Hugh Fraser, honorary treasurer of the Automobile Association, sounded a note of warning about the A.A. subscription at the annual meeting of that body. The Association's income, he said, had been going up year by year, chiefly because of increasing membership. (On the day of the annual meeting it reached the remarkable figure of 1,811,007.)

Expenditure had been going up partly because of the need to provide expanded services for a bigger membership, but mainly because of rising prices all round. If their membership became static their expenditure would inevitably go on increasing so the crucial point would come when the increase in membership began to slow down.

"I am not going to forecast when that might be," said Mr. Fraser, "but we have all heard of a slowing down of output in the motor industry, and it would be prudent to take note of other pointers which suggest that the tremendous expansion of motoring in this country in recent years may itself be slowing down." But, said the hon. treasurer, the committee were not contemplating an immediate increase in the £2 2s. subscription, which has remained unchanged since 1905. Indeed, they were prepared to pledge themselves to keep it at that figure for at least another two years.

Last year A.A. subscriptions totalled £3,200,000—17s. 6d. of every £1 of income. And out of every £1 of income 19s. 10¾d. was paid out in the service of members. The cost of the staff had increased by £138,000 during the year and, at a total of £2,185,000, took 11s. 11½d. of each £1 of income.

Lord Teynham, chairman of the Association, referring to the A.A.'s free legal defence service, said they had their black sheep like any other large organisation. "All of us have experienced bad driving on the roads," he said, "but I would say that a great deal of it is due to frustration at our inadequate road system." Lord Teynham said a great deal of the trouble was due to lack of precision in driving and failure to give essential hand signals. "I cannot help feeling," he said, "that not enough use has been made of the new Highway Code which was issued some two years ago."

During 1955 free breakdown service was given to 218,000 members and some 30,000 members benefited by the free legal defence service. Legal advice was given to A.A. members on 150,000 occasions.

One of Britain's Big Five car firms still on full time is the Ford Motor Co., of Dagenham. This is largely due to the fact that they have a wide range of lively, modern-looking cars, from the Anglia to the Zodiac. I recently had a chance of trying out the new Consul and found it a great improvement on the old car of that name. In performance it is more nearly comparable to the old Zephyr. Size of the 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine has been stepped up by 195 cc. to 1,703 cc. and it develops 59 b.h.p. (an increase of 12). Apart from being a few inches shorter in overall length (having four cylinders compared with six), the dimensions of the new Consul are almost identical with those of the new Zephyr.

Although less sprightly than the Zephyr, the Consul has quite enough power for normal motoring and is a joy to handle. It holds the road well, runs quietly, has gentle steering and gives the back seat passengers a very comfortable ride. All-round visibility is excellent, and that is a big safety factor; not only for the driver of the car but also for other road users who, when following a Consul, can see the road ahead through its huge rear window and windscreen.

The Consul costs £520 plus £261 7s. tax; a total of £781 7s., which is £90 less than the Zephyr. A normal top speed of nearly 80 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of some 26 miles to the gallon can be further improved by the use of a Borg-Warner overdrive, which is offered as an optional extra on both Consul and Zephyr for £63 15s. including tax.

Another reminder that Britain, who pioneered the turbocar, must look to her laurels in this field has been given by the French Renault company.

At the Montlhéry autodrome recently they publicly demonstrated—at an average speed of 117 m.p.h.—their new turbine-engined research car, which they have named the "Shooting Star." It is a single-seater of starkly streamline form and the Renault management hope to set up quite a lot of turbocar records in this Jet Age car. The "Shooting Star"—*Etoile Filante*—has a 270 b.h.p. Turmo engine built by the French Turbomeca company, who have closely collaborated with Renault in the design of the new turbocar. The engine is mounted amidships. It has a centrifugal compressor and twin turbines—one to drive the compressor and the other to transmit power to the rear wheels through a reduction gear.

The Roads Campaign Council did a good thing when they took a party of twenty-five British Members of Parliament—twelve Conservatives, twelve Socialists and one Liberal—on a tour of inspection of new motor road construction in Germany and Holland.

Most, if not all, these M.P.s will from now on be missionaries working at Westminster in support of the campaign for better roads in Britain. I say this on the authority of Mr. George Strauss, former Socialist Minister of Supply, and leader of the Labour section of the Campaign Council tourists. On returning to London he said he and his fellow guests had been so impressed by what they had seen that they would form an all-party "pressure group" in the House of Commons agitating for the speedy construction of motor roads in Britain.

Mr. Strauss said it was clear that Germany and Holland attached far more importance than the British Government to the economic value of a good arterial road system. "Over here," he said, "roads unfortunately have been the Cinderella of social expenditure. They have been the first to be cut when questions of economy have loomed up."

At a Press conference which followed the M.P.s' return to England, Mr. W. D. Chapman, one of the Socialist members of the party, made a good point. He said a car-owning democracy on the American scale would be impossible in Britain with our present road system. "It would have to cope with 15,000,000 cars instead of only 3,000,000 as at present," he said.

HAMBURG TRAFFIC AUTHORITIES ARE USING TELEVISION TO HELP THEM SOLVE THEIR TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: *Left*—In their experiments two small television cameras have been erected and brought into operation at the junction of two of the city's busiest streets. One is placed at the top of a 66-ft.-high ladder on a turntable and the other on the roof of a house. Pictures are then relayed from these two cameras to a control station (seen in the picture *on right*), where officials are able to keep a check on traffic blocks. The television equipment costs nearly £900. It is hoped to improve it by installing a wide-angle lens to cover the entire junction with one camera.

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PETER COLLINS WINS THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX IN A FERRARI: The British driver's car receives the chequered flag as it crosses the line at Rheims. Close behind is Castellotti, who came second in another Ferrari. Peter Collins now leads comfortably in the world championship, with 19 points against the 14½ points of last year's champion, Fangio.

THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX

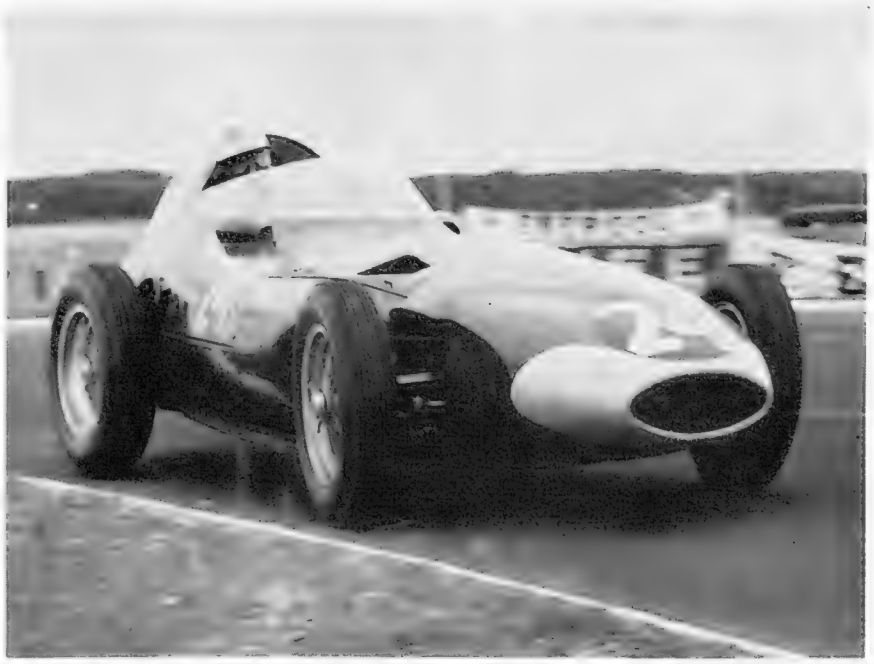
Collins in a Ferrari Wins the French Classic; Jaguars Win the Sports Car Race

Peter Collins, the young British racing driver, has added another victory to his remarkable record during 1956 by winning the French Grand Prix at Rheims in a Ferrari. He has increased his lead in the world championship to 4½ points above his nearest rival, last year's champion, Fangio, of the Argentine, who has 14½ points. Fangio has not won a single Grand Prix in Europe this year. On this occasion he sacrificed his chances by wearing out his Ferrari, so as to force Harry Schell, the driver of a British Vanwall, to over-strain his own car. The leading Ferraris were seriously challenged at one stage by this Vanwall, which climbed from fifth place to first. The British car led for a short while, but Fangio's tactics brought out its weaknesses. It pulled in to the pits with a steering defect, while Fangio was soon forced to change cars. Although he then broke the lap record for the circuit with a speed of 127·37 m.p.h., he could only finish fourth.

THE WINNER AND HIS REWARD: Girls dressed in the traditional costumes of the district give Peter Collins bottles of champagne and flowers after his victory, won at 122·2 m.p.h.

THE START OF THE RACE: At the start of the French Grand Prix, the greatest classic in motor racing, are seen (from the front): the Ferraris of Peter Collins, Castellotti, and Fangio; Stirling Moss in a Maserati, and Harry Schell in a Vanwall. This British car held first place for a time, after climbing from fifth position.

BRITAIN FIRST IN THE SPORTS CAR RACE: Three Jaguars take the first three places in the Twelve Hours' Sports Car Race that preceded the French Grand Prix at Rheims. The drivers of the winning car were Duncan Hamilton and Ivor Bueb.



A POTENTIAL GRAND PRIX WINNER FOR GREAT BRITAIN: The tremendous speed of the Vanwall, driven by Harry Schell, caused a sensation at Rheims. It provides Britain with its first real threat to Continental supremacy for many years.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE EDWARDIAN ERA

Edward VII and his Circle ; The Life of a Physical Culture Expert ; The Evolution of Jazz ; A Naval War Hero ; Eric Ambler's New Thriller and Other Fiction

MOST people when they speak of the Edwardian age mean it in a fairly precise sense to refer to the King's own circle or, at the most, to that small world so characteristic of the King's taste which led him to the company of both English aristocrats and Jewish millionaires. In her new book, Miss Virginia Cowles writes of the King and his friends and, indeed, is better when discussing some of their fairly amiable eccentricities rather than when she deals with Edward VII's political or State preoccupations. " Harty-Tarty," for instance, who was a close friend of the King's and unmistakably an English eccentric, was the current Duke of Devonshire who would refer to Chatsworth as " a rummy old place."

There were others, too, of course, who could rely not only on a settled income but a settled way of life as the climate in which their strong individual traits might flourish : among these was the Duke of Sutherland, who " adored trains and fire-engines and occasionally persuaded Bertie to disguise himself with a fireman's hat and accompany him to a fire." One of the most fascinating aspects of Royalty, as far as the lay audience is concerned, has always been the glimpses of them *en pantoufles*. Whether this is a worthy object of interest or not, such books as EDWARD VII AND HIS CIRCLE (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) help to decorate if not to explain it.

It could be said that the late Bernarr Macfadden was pretty much of an eccentric too, though it is doubtful whether his habits of dieting, long walks, teetotalism and singing in a cold bath would have made much appeal to those plushy Edwardians. He was a man who set out to boost physical culture in the United States, met and married " Great Britain's Perfect Woman," one of whose first stage jobs was to jump on to his bare stomach from a high table (" I was a good solid ten-stone-two "), and became a multi-millionaire with political as well as physical ambitions. Mrs. Mary Macfadden has written her late husband's story in DUMB-BELLS AND CARROT STRIPS (Gollancz. 18s.). Her dedication " to all wise and patient physicians . . . and particularly to those merciful doctors ever ready to reduce the pains of childbirth," will be almost too clear to those who read this story of a man who had some excellent ideas about diet and exercise, but few about other forms of continence and who applauded the birth of successive and enormous babies in whose delivery his wife was forbidden anæsthetics.

JAZZ : Its Evolution and Essence (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is a work of serious musical criticism and appreciation. It has been written by M. Andre Hodeir, a French authority who is not only an analyst of this style and a leading player but the winner of first prizes at the Paris *Conservatoire* in fugue, harmony and musical history. Without putting too leaden a point on it, he has at least three strings to his bow, and the present book, which has been translated by Mr. David Noakes, is in a fair way to becoming the authoritative, if abstruse, last word on the subject.

The next two books are of war exploits on sea and land, and each in its way is memorable. The first, WALKER, R.N. (Evans. 16s.), is the magnificent story of Captain Frederic John Walker, C.B., D.S.O. and three Bars, R.N. He was a man who from his first experience as a midshipman to his death, " attributable to the conditions of his naval service," was a sailor first and last. Mr. Terence Robertson tells the tale of his exploits so vividly that one can almost share the sense of shock and loss that was felt at his death not only by his own ship's company but throughout Western Approaches, even to U.S.N. Admiral Stark.

BY THE HUNTER'S MOON (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is Lieut.-Colonel Michael Blackman's escape story. As with each story of an escape that I have read in the past ten years, it has something quite individual about it. Colonel Blackman was in a prison camp in Bologna, in northern Italy, escaped from it in September 1943 and, travelling south down the mountain ranges and through the enemy lines, rejoined the British near the Sangro River. No mean achievement and, more than that, the record of a man who had time throughout those months of tension and flight to observe the Italian *contadini* who, in most cases, helped him, and to appreciate them.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA: The artist, Mr. Dennis Ramsay, stands beside his painting of the Princess. The portrait was commissioned by the Duchess of Kent. It is on view with others of Mr. Ramsay's works at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, in London. He is 31 years old ; a pupil of Pietro Annigoni, with whom he worked for three years in London and Florence. An exhibition of his pictures was held last year in Edinburgh.

Mr. Andrew Shirley has had the original idea of exploring some of those provinces in Western France which were once owned and governed by England. The results of his journeyings and his findings are embodied in THE LION AND THE LILY (Putnam. 25s.), an amiable, informed and instructive book.

The list of novels this week—and it is a remarkably long and rewarding one—opens with something of a bang. Mr. Eric Ambler has written a new book and it is without any doubt at all his best since *Journey Into Fear*, and possibly the best thing he has ever done. THE NIGHT-COMERS (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) has an island as its setting, the kind of place that was once part of the Dutch East Indies and is now in the uneasy process of becoming a part of Indonesia. Into its principal city comes an English engineer on his way home after three years' work up-country on a dam construction. Immediately, and greatly to his distaste, he is caught up in a revolution. The rising, tightening tension of this story is masterly and I recommend it to you confidently.

THE MARY DEARE (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is not the same type of book in kind, but in quality it is admirable, too. This is Mr. Hammond Innes' new adventure story of a cargo ship and a sailing yacht and the extraordinary struggle between the men who commanded both of them. Splendidly exciting stuff.

To turn to quieter literary waters, there is WISTANLOW (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), which is an unfinished novel by the late Francis Brett Young. It is in some measure autobiographical and contains a picture of a great house in the West Country and the gracious life that was lived in it before 1914

The next two novels are concerned with the lives and thoughts as distinct from the careers of several women. It is sad to observe that each of them, too, has a melancholy cast, although there is an indication of lifting clouds at the end of THE SECRET RIVER (Secker and Warburg. 16s.). This is a story by Mr. C. H. B. Kitchin of a mother and daughter, held together by the egotism of the older woman and the sense of duty of the younger, who lead as pointless an existence as could be imagined until unexpected death and suspected violence bring a drastic change to the daughter's fortunes. In domestic detail Mr. Kitchin is almost alarmingly good.

THE CLIMATE OF GUILT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), by Mrs. Freda Morrison, is a study of a London housewife's tardy revolt from the mental cruelty of her husband. There is an undercurrent throughout this story again of violence.

BETWEEN THE STIRRUP AND THE GROUND (Cassell. 15s.) has more than a strongly allusive title to connect it with the vigour and richness of good Victorian novels. Although this book of Mrs. Diana Raymond's is as modern as a Comet aircraft in its back-ground and in the pursuits of its four central characters, it has the admirable, almost plum-cakey texture that in current novels is often no more than a nostalgic memory.

Miss Nadine Gordimer is a young South African writer, and her collection of short stories, SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) will, I hope, attract a great deal of attention from a wide public who appreciate a tale that has shape and drama and point.

Finally, two French novels and one American. A new translation by Antonia White of the late, great Colette's CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) includes Colette's revealing preface about the origins of this earliest book of hers. SPOILT CHILDREN (Putnam. 15s.) is Mr. Gerard Hopkins' translation of M. Philippe Heriat's best-seller about a grim, wealthy *bourgeois* family.

IN BELL'S LANDING (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) Mr. Gerald Warner Brace has written about a tough young American and an old house by a northern sea. Not without humour, but distinguished chiefly for the warm humanity of its characterisation.

RESCUING THE ROMANOFFS

Admiral Pridham's Reminiscences

Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Pridham has written a book of unusual interest in CLOSE OF A DYNASTY (Allan Wingate. 18s.). It is full, too, of surprises. Sir Francis embarks on his seafaring reminiscences by describing the visit of Sir David Beatty to H.M.S. *Revenge*, flagship of the First Battle Squadron, on November 23, 1918, when the Kaiser's mighty fleet surrendered to the Allies, On that occasion Sir David " let fly " in no ordinary fashion, and in his speech to the crew of *Revenge* told of his utter contempt for the beaten foe : " We have to recollect always in any dealings with a German prisoner or a German sailor that he is not a sailor at all, not a man at all, nothing but a murdering rascal. I therefore warn you to let no feelings of pity rise up within you, nothing but contempt should fill your minds when dealing with the German ships' companies of the vessels which are under your charge."

Sir Francis's book is concerned for the most part with his early post-war experiences. As a young officer he sailed post-haste in H.M.S. *Marlborough* to the Sea of Marmora on a mission of mercy—the rescue of all those who survived of the Russian Imperial Family. Pridham, as First Lieutenant, was responsible for the comforts of the pathetic few who escaped from the advancing Red Army. They included the Empress Marie Feodorovna, the mother of the Tsar and sister of Queen Alexandra, and the Grand Duchess Xenia, the Tsar's sister, who has written a foreword to the book, besides many lesser Romanoffs. Sir Francis tells the story with intimate knowledge of all that occurred. One could wish, however, that his book had a more gossipy flavour and that he possessed a rather more Boswellian flair.

Close of a Dynasty is none the less a most important document, dealing with an era of infinite sorrows and dark tragedies.

Another tale of the sea which commands attention this week is Kenneth Poolman's ARK ROYAL (William Kimber. 18s.). Mr. Poolman has already recounted the wartime deeds of the *Kelly* and the *Illustrious*. Now he turns his attention to that mighty aircraft-carrier which the Germans found such a very elusive ship. They frequently boasted of having sunk her, and then no less frequently she was discovered to be elsewhere at the alleged moment of disaster. *Ark Royal's* luck did not last, and at length she was sunk by torpedo when in sight of Gibraltar. Mr. Poolman tells this moving story through the eyes of the ship's company, and it is excellently well done.

The epics of the Wild West which flood the screen in glorious Technicolor, re-creating nineteenth-century pioneer days in America, have kept Hollywood at full stretch for many a year. There is no doubt that it was a fascinating period and one which will repay a great deal of detailed research. Jan Olof Olsson has gone to immense trouble to delve into the life of one Western town, burrowing into the past to reveal the comedy and tragedy of life in those hectic dollar-hungry days. Tombstone, Arizona, is the town, a silver-mining town with a name fraught with menace and a newspaper appropriately enough called the *Epitaph*. WELCOME TO TOMBSTONE (Elek Books. 15s.) is a fine piece of research and the author's racy style is well suited to his often breathtaking material.

Rolf Blomberg's THE NAKED AUCAS (George Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is the account of a visit to the Aucas people in the wilds of Ecuador. He was determined to make peaceful contact with the tribe, who have always resisted stubbornly any encroachment on their territory. He succeeded in reaching their country only to find that the stories regarding these blood-lusting folk are only too true. The expedition had to retire, but Blomberg has brought back to civilisation a most valuable record of an adventurous journey.

Paul Townend's SWISS VENTURE (Robert Hale. 21s.) provides a fresh look at Central Switzerland and the Bernese Oberland by a young man who has spent many months in this delightful country in the role of travel courier. Mr. Townend's enthusiasms are infectious, and he writes with refreshing zest.

Dorothea Eastwood's VALLEY OF SPRINGS (Allan Wingate. 18s.) is a happy sequel to the author's *River Diary*, which won such high praise with its quiet portrayal of the pleasures of living in the lovely valley of the Usk. Her new book has something of the magic of *Walden* and something highly individual besides.

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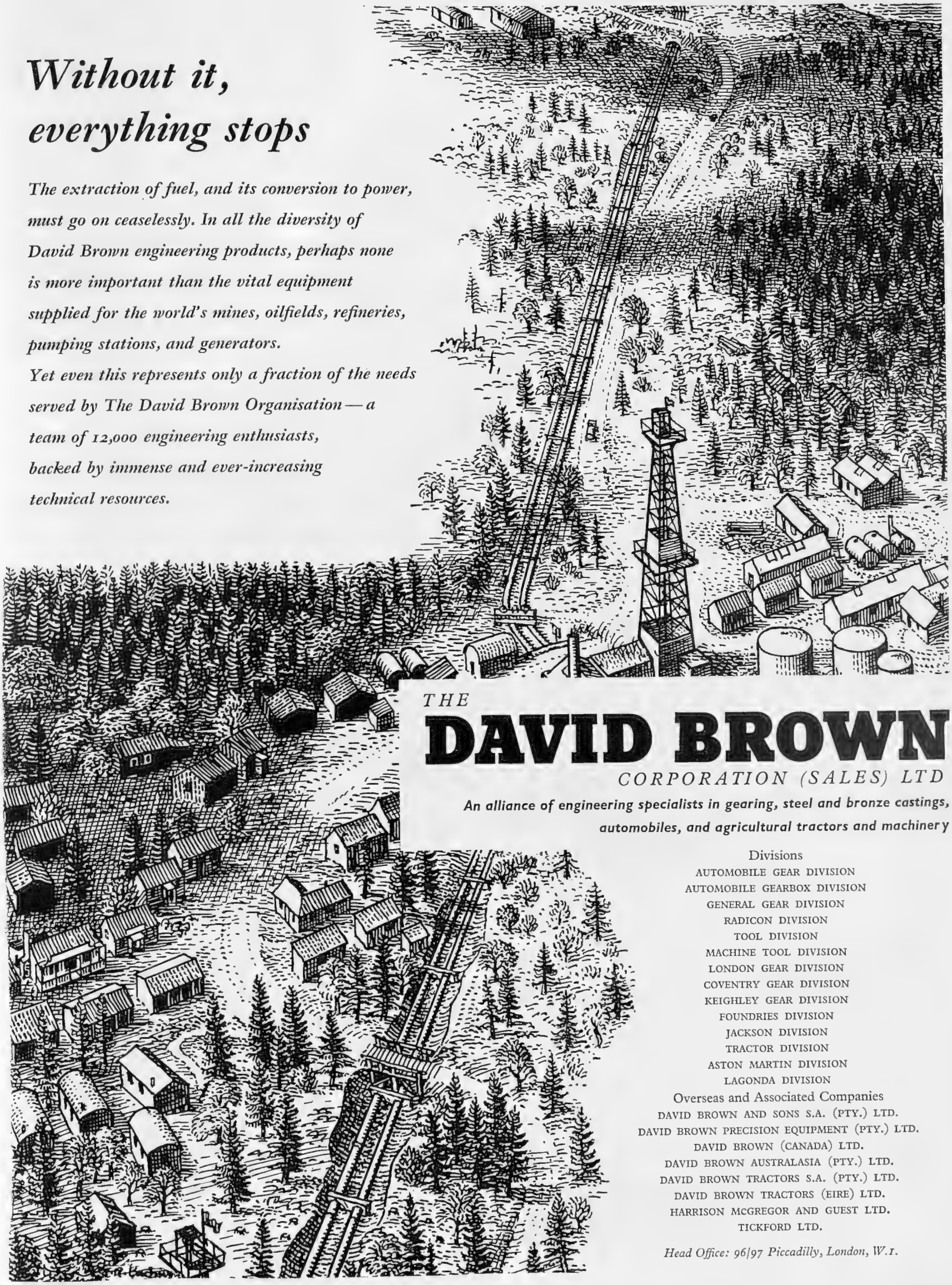

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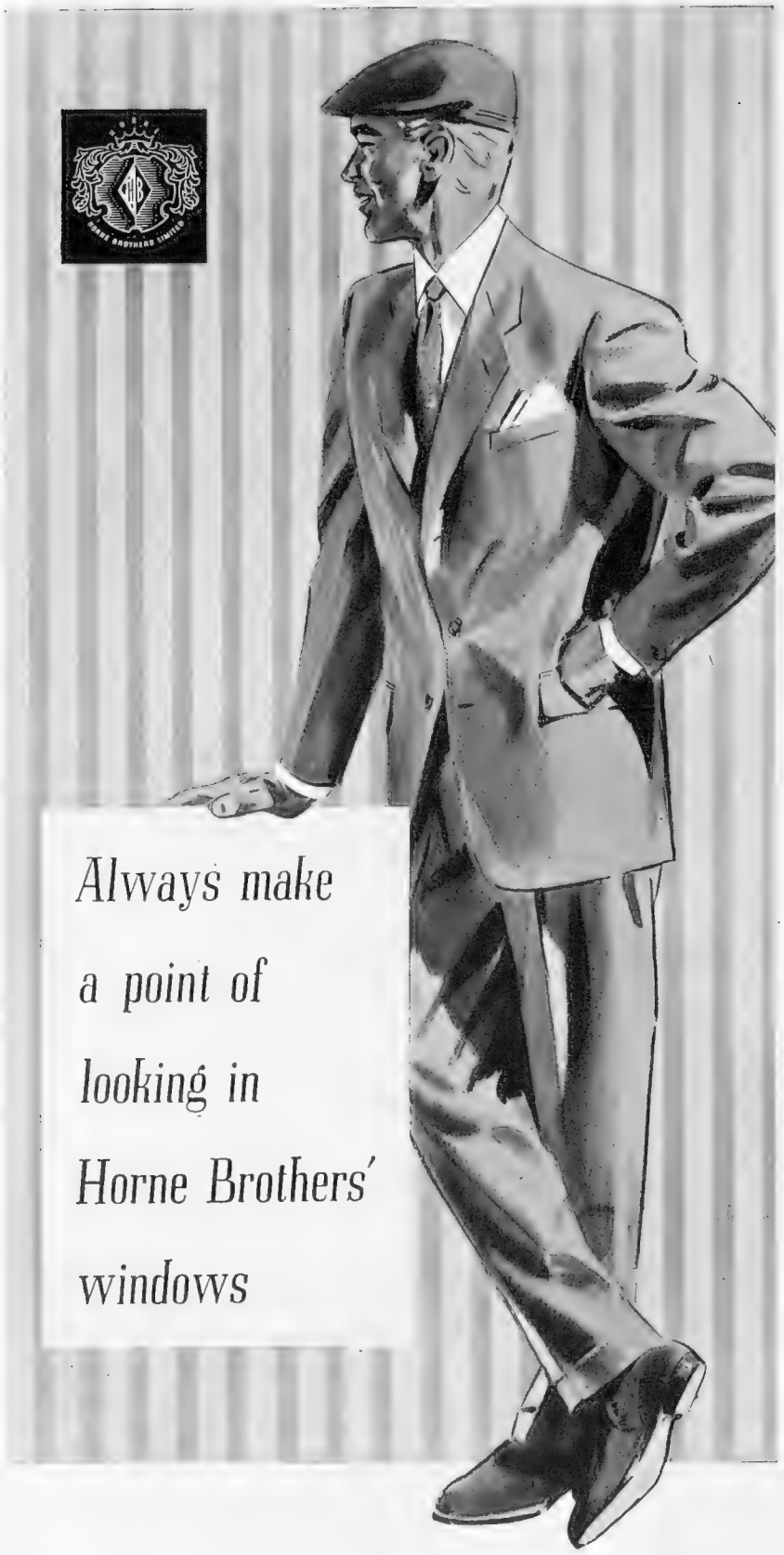

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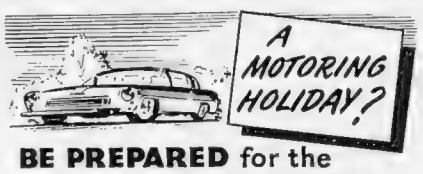

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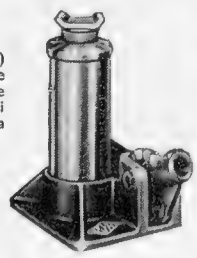

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"WHERE ARE THOSE COTSWOLDS we hear so much about?" a visitor to Britain asked me last week. His motoring map did not disclose the secret. It would have been misleading to have said just Gloucestershire, for the Cotswold country is wherever Cotswold stone can be quarried and that embraces not only a large area of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, but has its strata and its influence on architecture in parts of Worcestershire, Somerset, Wiltshire and even Northamptonshire.

"May I mark your map?" I asked him. Then I drew a thick line from Bath to Oxford, on to Banbury, westwards to Evesham, down via Tewkesbury through to Gloucester, Bristol and back to Bath. I feel that little of Cotswold eye attraction lies outside the perimeter outlined. Do you lovers of the Cotswolds concur?

The next step was to advise my visiting friend on how to view the Cotswolds best. I drew a broken line on his map from Gloucester to Oxford to indicate the rough division between the north and south Cotswold country and stressed to him that the two sectors must be treated as separate entities. I warned him that if he adhered to the main highways he would miss much. He should explore, amongst other byways, the valleys of the Evenlode, the Windrush and the Upper Thames. I told him that, while the whole of the Cotswold country could be explored from, say, Cheltenham or Burford, he would get a much better close-up by dividing his time between various centres.

It may well be that other readers of THE SPHERE are contemplating touring the Cotswolds during the next few months. So, for the benefit of them as well as that of my overseas enquirer, I will outline in alphabetical order hotels which are all excellent halting-places for the night, for a meal or just for refreshment.

I suggest you do not pursue any rigid plan but just potter on, making use of the telephone each afternoon to ensure your next night's lodging.

AMBERLEY: *Amberley Inn.* Tel: 2165. Pitched 700 ft. up in the South Cotswold country on the edge of 900 acres of common. Your hosts, Maurice and Margot Gillmore, have made a name for themselves through their catering and friendliness. *Moor Court Hotel.* Tel: 2283. Will be appreciated by those who prefer the environment of a country-house hotel. Very comfortable, lovely gardens and views, their own farm to draw on for fresh milk, eggs and poultry.

BANBURY: *Whately Hall Hotel.* Tel: 2413. Since Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Beck purchased this long-established hotel it once more appears in the A.A. Members' Handbook as three-star. An admirable centre for Cotswold and other exploration. Broadway, Blenheim Palace, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon and Sulgrave Manor all lie within thirty miles.

BIBURY: *The Swan.* Tel: 204. The famous Arlington Row and this old, creeper-clad house are a *must* in your Cotswold itinerary. So see you have a film in your camera and are able to enjoy your fill of the good Cotswold fare that awaits you here.

BROADWAY: *The Lygon Arms.* Tel: 2255. The centrepiece of this model village at the foot of the Cotswolds. A classic in intelligent and interested innkeeping. A historically mellowed structure where modern comforts are never lacking, and where the high standards of catering reflect the fertile soil of the Vale of Evesham. Always advisable to book ahead for bedroom accommodation and table reservations.

NEAR BROADWAY: *The Dormy House Hotel.* Tel: 2241. Once a Cotswold farmhouse and now, as its name suggests, a valuable adjunct to the nine-hole Broadway Golf Course as well as satisfying for tourists with modest bank balances. *Farncombe House Hotel.* Tel: 2215. A sumptuous country house a few hundred yards from the summit of Fish Hill. Good fare and the personal touch are contributory features to the growing popularity of this gracious domain.

BURFORD: *The Lamb Inn.* Tel: 3155. This ancient Cotswold town remains deliciously unaffected by modern trends, and this historic inn in Sheep Street, with its lichened roof, flagged floors, old beams and modern comforts, warrants far more than one night's stay.

CASTLE COMBE: *The Manor House.* Tel: 2615. Lying five miles north-west of Chippenham, in Wiltshire, this village is one of Britain's beauty spots, and *The Manor,* in its perfect setting of tranquillity, is well fitted for its present role of country club. For 5s. you can become a temporary member for a week. It is worth it, even if you only go there for one meal.

CHELTENHAM: This garden town might well be termed the capital of the Cotswolds from which the whole of the area can be covered, much of it by motor coach if you have not a car. Hotels are numerous. Those of which I have personal knowledge are: *The Queen's* (Tel: 54724), now one of the best in the Trust House group; *The Greenway Hotel and Club* (Tel: Shurdington 352), about three miles out on the A.46 Stroud road, a charming house of eighteen bedrooms with a well-deserved reputation for food; and off the London road near Andoversford, perhaps the best-known country club in the county, *Rossley Manor,* which is run on strict club lines and is only open for casual meals to members and to affiliated London clubs. On the other hand, by prior application, temporary membership is available at 2s. 6d. per day or 7s. 6d. a week. You will not find a more comfortable place to stay in than this delightful Cotswold manor, which has been in the ownership of the Rogers family since the days of Edward VI.

CIRENCESTER: Here in this old market town I can recommend a trio of hotels to choose from. *The King's Head* (Tel: 677), which inwardly has changed beyond recognition within recent years. A major policy of rehabilitation has taken place, and under the virile direction of Mr. E. F. P. Metters the good work continues. *The Crown* (Tel: 288), one of the Simonds group of hotels, all worth noting by the tourist for their high standards in comfort and catering. A feature of the latter is extensive *à la carte* menus at popular prices. *Stratton House Hotel* (Tel: 24977), a comfortable country-house hotel half a mile out on the Gloucester road which, standing back in its own grounds, offers the advantages of country tranquillity. Licensed for meals and residents. Note also when in the district *The Wild Duck Inn and Buttery* at Ewen, 3½ miles from Cirencester, in the Kemble area. It is being opened this month, July, by those live wires, Mr. and Mrs. Ewan Shaw, late of The Cross Hands Hotel, Old Sodbury.

MALMESBURY: *The Old Bell.* Tel: 3219. This lovely inn with its wisteria-clad front is, like the adjoining Abbey and town, impregnated with Cotswold influence. There is much to like about it: traditional country fare, cosy lounge, a companionable bar.

MORETON-IN-MARSH: *The Manor House.* Tel: 101. A sixteenth-century building of charm and character where high standards in catering and comfort are maintained. A good base for the North Cotswold country and for Stratford-on-Avon.

TEWKESBURY: Its Abbey alone points to your visiting this charming yet busy town. For a night or a meal take your choice from: *The Bell* (Tel: 2335), a black-and-white-faced building which has coaching and literary associations; *The Royal Hop Pole* (Tel: 3236), which Charles Dickens has immortalised; or *The Swan* (Tel: 3155), a Trust House.

WESTONBIRT, near Tetbury: *Hare and Hounds Hotel.* Tel: 233-4. Four hundred feet up, close to the lovely Arboretum and set back from the road in nine acres of typical English garden, pasture and woodland, this is the nearest first-class hotel from which to visit Peter Scott's Severn Wildfowl Trust.

WOODSTOCK: *Dorchester Hotel and Restaurant.* Tel: 277. Close to Blenheim Palace this is another *must* in your itinerary. Reasonably priced quality and quantity.

WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE: *Berkeley House.* Tel: 2124. A sixteenth-century guest house brimful of character in a typical Cotswold town. Admirably run by Mrs. Dawes, a local doctor's wife.

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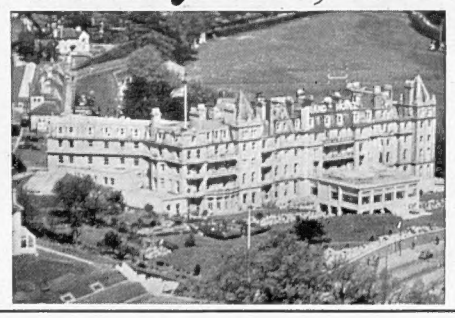

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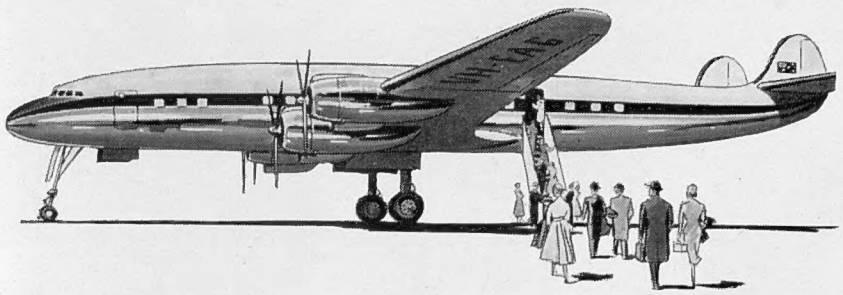

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Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

THEY MUST HAVE HAD A WORD FOR SCHWEPPERVESCENCE

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